THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF KING EDWARD THE FOVRTH.

Contayning his merry pastime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as also his loue to faire Mistres *Shore*, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and lastly, the lamentable death of *both her and her husband*

Likewise the besieging of London by the Bastard *Falconbridge*, and the valiant defence of the same by the Lo: Mayor and the Citizens.

By Thos. Heywood. (1599

As it hath diuerse times been publickly Acted.

By the Earle of Derbie [illegible]

The fourth Impression.

In the Bodl. [illegible] 1613.

[illegible]NDON,

THE FIRST AND SECOND parts of King Edward the fourth.

Containing his merry paſtime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as alſo his loue to faire Miſtris Shoare, her great promotion, fall, and miſery, and laſtly, the lamentable death of both her and her husband.

Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke, the Queene, the Lord Howard, and ſir Thomas Sellenger.

Dutches.

SOnne, I tell ye you haue done you know not what.

King. I haue married a woman, elſe I am deceiued mother.

Dutch. Married a woman? married indeed,
Here is a marriage that befits a King:
It is no maruell it was done in haſt:
Here is a Bridall, and with hell to boot,
You haue made work.

King. Faith mother, ſome wee haue indeed, but ere long you ſhall ſee vs make worke for an heire Apparant I doubt not, nay, nay, come, come, Gods will, what chiding ſtill?

Dutch. O God, that ere I liu'd to ſee this day.

King. By my faith mother, I hope you ſhall ſee the night too, and in the morning I will be bold to bid you to the Chriſtning, Grandmother, and Godmother to a Prince of Wales, for mother, 'tis a ſtirring world.

Dutch. Haue you ſent *Warwicke* into *France* for this?

King. No by my faith mother, I sent *Warwicke* into *France* for another, but this by chance being neerer hand, and comming in the way, I cannot tell how, wee concluded, and now (as you see) are going about to get a yongue King.

Duch. But tell me son, how will you answer this?
Is't possible, your rash vnlawfull act
Should not breed mortall hate betwixt the Realmes?
What may the French King think, when he shall hear
That whilst you send to entreat about his daughter,
Basely you take a subiect of your owne?
What may the Princesse *Bona* think of this?
Our noble Cousin *Warwicke*, that great Lord,
That Centre-shaking thunderclap of war,
That like a Columne propt the House of *Yorke*,
And bare our white Rose brauely in his top,
When he shall hear his embassage abus'd,
In this but made an instrument by you?
I know his soule will blush within his bosome,
And shame will sit in scarlet on his brow,
To haue his honour toucht with this foule blemish.
Son, son, I tell you that is done by you,
Which yet the child that is vnborne shall rue.

King. Tush mother, you are deceiued, all true subiects shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their King borne of a true English woman: I tell you, it was neuer well since wee matched with strangers, so our children haue beene still like chicken of the halfe kinde, but where the cock and the henne bee both of one breed, there is like to be birds of the game: heare you mother, heare you, had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your sonnes, *George* and *Dicke*, to haue stood gaping after the Crowne: this wench mother is a widow, and hath made proofe of her valour, and for any thing I know, I am as like to doe the deede as *Iohn Gray* her husband was; I had rather the people prayed to blesse mine heire, than send mee an heire: hold your peace, if you can see, there was neuer mother had a towarder sonne, why Cousin *Howard* and *Tom* Sal-

Sellenger, heard you euer such a coile about a wife?

How. My Soueraigne Lord, with patience bear her spleen,
Your Princely mothers zeale is like a riuer,
That from the free aboundance of the waters,
Breaks out into this inundation:
From her aboundant care this rage proceeds,
O're swolne with the extreamity of loue.

Sel. My Lord, my Lord, auoid a womans humour:
If you resist this tumor of her will,
Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,
Vntill she lade and dull our eares again:
Seem you but sorry for what you haue done,
And straight sheel put the finger in the eye,
With comfort now, since it cannot be helpt:
But make you shew to iustifie the act,
If euer other language in her lips,
Then out vpon it, it is abominable; I dare be hang'd.
Say any thing, it makes no matter what,
Than thus be wearied with a womans chat.

Dutch. I, I, you are these spaniels of the Court,
And thus you fawne and sooth your wanton King:
But *Edward*, hadst thou priz'd thy Maiesty,
Thou neuer wouldst haue stain'd thy Princely state,
With the base leauings of a subiects bed,
Nor borne the blemish of her bigamy.
A widow? is't not a goodly thing,
Grayes children come aske blessing of the King?

Qu. Nay, I beseech your Grace my Lady York,
Euen as you are a Princesse and a widow,
Think not so meanly of my widowhood:
A spotlesse virgin came I first to *Gray*,
With him I liu'd a true and faithfull wife,
And since his high Emperiall Maiesty,
Hath pleas'd to blesse my poor deiected state,
With the high Soueraigne title of his Queen,
I here protest before the hoast of Heauen

I came as chaſte a widow to his bed,
As when a virgin I to *Gray* was wed.

King. Come, come haue done, now you haue chid inough, Gods ſoote, wee were as merry ere ſhee came, as any people in Chriſtendome, I with the miſtris, and theſe with the maids, onely we haue no Fidlers at our feaſt; but mother, you haue made a fit of mirth: welcome to Grafton mother, by my troth, you are euen iuſt come as I wiſhed you heere, let vs goe to ſupper, and in charity, giue vs your bleſſig ere wee goe to bed.

Dutch. O *Edward, Edward*, fly and leaue this place,
Wherein poor ſilly King thou art inchanted:
This is her dam of *Bedfords* work her mother,
That hath bewitcht thee *Edward*, my poor child.
Diſhonour not the Princes of thy land,
To make them kneele with reuerence at her feet,
That ere thou didſt empale with Soueraignty,
They would haue ſcorned to haue lookt vpon:
There's no ſuch difference twixt the greateſt Peer,
And the poor ſilliest kitchin-maid that liues,
As is betwixt thy worthineſſe and hers.

Q. I do confeſſe it: yet my Lady *Yorke*,
My mother is a Dutcheſſe as you are,
A Princeſſe borne, the Duke of *Bedfords* wife,
And as you know, a daughter and a ſiſter,
Vnto the roiall blood of Burgundy:
But you cannot ſo baſely think of me,
As I do think of theſe vaine worldly titles,
God from my ſoule my ſin as far diuide,
As I am far from boaſting in this pride.

Sel. Madame, ſhe is the mirror of her kind:
Had ſhe but ſo much ſpleen as hath a gnat,
Her ſpirits would ſtartle to abide your taunts,
She is a Saint, and Madame you blaſpheme,
To wrong ſo ſweet a Lady.

Dutch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Sel.

Sel. Madame, but that you are my Soueraignes mother,
I would let you know that you wrong a Gentleman.
How. Good Cousin *Sellenger* haue patience,
Her Graces rage by too much violence,
Hath spent it selfe already into aire:
Dear Madame, I beseech you on my knee,
Tender that louing kindnesse to the Queen,
That I dare swear she doth in soule to you.
Ed. Well said good Couse, I pray thee make them friends.
why how now *Besse*? what, weepe? nay then Ile chide you:
what sudden newes comes by this messenger?

Enter a messenger.

Mes. My Soueraigne Lord, the bastard *Falconbridge*,
Of late hath stirr'd rebellion in the South,
Incouraging his forces to deliuer
King *Henry* late depos'd, out of the Tower,
To him the malecontented commons flock,
From euery part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
His army waxed twenty thousand strong,
And as it is suppos'd by circumstance,
Meane to take *London*, if not well defended.
Ed. Well, let this *Phaeton* that is mounted thus,
Look he sit surely, or by Englands *George*
Ile break his neck; this is no new euasion,
I surely thought, that one day I should see
That bastard *Falcon*, take his wings to mount
Into our Eagle airie, me thought I saw
Black discontent sit euer on his brow,
And now I see I calculated well.
Good Cousin *Howard*, and *Tom Sellenger*,
This night weel spend in feast and iollity
With our new Queen, and our beloued mother;
To morrow you shall haue a commission,
To raise vp powers against this haughty Rebell:
Sirra, depart vntill you know our pleasure,
You shall conuay vs letters back to *London*,

Exeo

Vnto the Maior, Recorder, and our friends:
Is supper ready? come by my bonny *Besse*,
Welcome mother, we are all your guests. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching, Spicing, Smoake, Chub, and others.

Fal. Hold drumme.

1. *Spi.* Hold drumme and be hang'd.

2. *Smo.* Hold drumme hold, peace then ho, silence to the 3. Proclamation.

Spi. You lye you rogue, 'tis to the Oration.

Chub. Nay, then you all lye, 'tis to the Coblication.

Fal. True hearted English, and our valiant friends.

All. Ho braue Generall ifaith.

Spi. Peace there ye rogues, or I will split your chaps.

Fal. Dear countrymen, I publikely proclaime,
If any vronged discontented English,
Toucht with true feeling of King *Henries* wrongs,
Henry the sixt, the lawfull King of England,
Who by that tyrant *Edward* the vsurper,
Is held a wretched prisoner in the Tower:
If any man that faine would be enfranchis'd,
From the sad yoak of Yorkish seruitude,
Vnder which we toile like naked Galli-slaues,
Know he that *Thomas Nevill* the Lord *Falconbridge*.

All. I, I, a *Falconbridge*, a *Falconbridge*.

Spi. Peace ye clamarous rogues, on Generall, on with your Oration, peace there.

Fal. Pittying King *Henries* poor distressed case,
Arm'd with his title and a subiects zeale,
Takes vp iust armes against the House of York,
And do proclaime our ancient liberty.

All. Liberty, liberty, liberty, generall liberty.

Fal. We do not rise like *Tyler*, *Cade*, and *Straw*, *Blewbeard*, and other of that rascall rout,
Basely like tinkers, or such muddy slaues,

For

For mending meaſures, or the price of corne,
Or for ſome common in the wild of Kent,
Thats by ſome greedy cormorant inclos'd:
But in the true and ancient lawfull right,
Of the redoubted houſe of Lancaſter.
Our blood is noble, by our birth a *Neuill*,
And by our lawfull line Lord *Falconbridge*,
Whoſe eare is of ſo dull a temper,
That is not fired with a *Neuills* name?

All. A *Neuill*, a *Neuill*, a *Neuill*.

Fal. Our quarrell like our ſelfe is honourable,
The law our warrant.

Smoke. I, I, the law is on our ſide.

Chub. I, the law is in our hands.

Spi. Peace you rogues.

Fal. And more, a bleſſing by the word propos'd,
To thoſe that aide a true anointed King.
Courage braue ſpirits, and cry a *Falconbridge*.

All. A *Falconbridge*, a *Falconbridge*.

Fal. We will be maiſters of the Mint our ſelues,
And ſet our owne ſtampe on the golden coine:
Weel ſhooe our neighing courſers with no worſe,
Then the pureſt ſiluer that is ſold in Cheape.
At Leaden hall weel ſell pearles by the pecke,
As now the Mealemen vſe to ſell their meale:
In Weſtminſter weel keep a ſolemne Court,
And build it bigger to receiue our men.
Cry *Falconbridge* my hearts, and liberty.

All. Falconbridge and liberty, &c.

Smoke. Peace ye ſlaues, or I will ſmoke ye elſe.

Chub. Peace ye ſlaues, or I will chubbe your chappes: but indeede thou maiſt well ſmoke them, becauſe thy name is *Smoke*.

Smoke. Why ſirra, I hope *Smoke* the Smith of Chepſted, is as good a man as *Chub* the Chandler of Sandwich.

Spicing. Peace yee rogues, what are you quarrelling? and

now liſt to captaine *Spicing*.
You know Cheap-ſide, there are the Mercers ſhops,
Where we will meaſure Veluet by the pikes:
And Silkes and Sattens by the ſtreets whole breadth:
Weel take the Tankards from the Conduit cockes,
To fill with Ipocraſſe, and drink carowſe,
Where chaines of gold and plate ſhall be as plenty,
As woodden diſhes in the wild of *Kent*.

Smoake. Oh brauely ſaid *Ned Spicing*, the honeſteſt Lad that euer pound ſpice in a mortar: now ſpeakes Captaine *Smoake*.

Look Lads: for from this hill ye may diſcerne
The louely towne which we are marching to,
That ſame is *London* Lads ye look vpon.
Range all arowe my hearts, and ſtand at gaze,
As doe the heards of Deer at ſome ſtrange ſight:
Or as a troope of hungry trauellers,
That fix their eyes vpon a furniſht feaſt,
Look how the Towre doth tice vs to come on,
To take out *Henry* the ſixt there priſoner,
See how S. *Katherines* ſmokes, wipe ſlaues your eyes,
And whet your ſtomackes for the good mault pies.

Chub. Why then belike I am no body: roome and auoydance, for now ſpeakes Captaine *Chub*.

No ſooner in *London* will we be,
But the Bakers for you, the Brewers for me,
Burchinlane ſhall ſute vs, the Coſtermongers fruite vs,
The Poulters ſend vs in fowle,
And Butchers meat without controule:
And euer when we ſup or dine,
The Vintners freely bring vs in wine:
If any body aske who ſhall pay,
Cut off his head, and ſend him away.
This is Captaine *Chubs* law whoſoeuer ſay nay.

Fal. Brauely reſolu'd, ſo march we forward all,
And boldly ſay, good lucke ſhall vs befall. *Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter the Lord Maior, M. Shoare, M. Iosseline, in their coates, gorgets, and leading staues.

Ma. This is well done, thus should good Citizens
Fashion themselues as well for war as peace:
Haue ye commanded, that in euery street,
They hang forth lights as soon as night comes on?
Say Cosin *Shoare*: that was referd to you.
Shoare. We haue my Lord: besides from euery hall
There is at least two hundred men in armes.
Ma. It cheares my heart to hear this readines,
Let neuer Rebells put true Subiects downe,
Come when they will, their welcome shall be such,
As they had better keep them further off.
But where is M. *Recorder?* his aduice
Must not be wanting in these high affaires.
Sho. About an houre ago, and somewhat more,
I left him fortifying the Bridge my Lord:
Which done, he purposed to meet you heer.
Ma. A discreet painfull Gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclinde,
If we entend to haue the City safe,
Or look for thankes, and credit with the King.
I tell ye Maisters, aged though I be,
I (for my part) will to no bed this night.
Ioss. Why, is it thought the Bastard is so near?
Ma. How mean you M. *Iosseline* by near?
He neither comes from Italie nor Spaine,
But out of Kent and Essex: which you know,
Are both so near, as nearer cannot be.
Ioss. Nay, by your patience good my Lord a word,
Simple though I am, I must confesse,
A mischiefe further off, would, and so forth.
You know my meaning, things not seen before,
Are and so forth, yet in good sadnes,
I would that all were well, and perchance,

It may be ſo; what? were it not for hope,
The heart and ſo forth, but to the matter,
You meane and purpoſe, I, I, am ſure ye doe.
Ma. Well M. *Ioſſeline*, we are ſure ye mean well,
Although ſomewhat defectiue in your vtterance.
Ioſſ. I, I, my Lord Maior, I am you know
Willing, ready, and ſo forth: tut, tut, for me, ha ha,
My Manſion is at Ham, and thence you know,
I come to helpe you in this needfull time,
When Rebells are ſo buſie, and ſo forth.
What, Maiſters? age muſt neuer be deſpis'd,
You ſhall finde me, my Lord, ſtill, and ſo forth.

Enter Vrſewicke the Recorder.

Sho. My Lord, now heer comes M. *Recorder*.
Re. Good, euen my good Lord Maior, the ſtreets are chaind,
The bridge well manned, and euery place prepar'd.
Shall we now goe together and conſult,
What elſe there is to be determined of?
Ma. Your comming M. *Recorder* was the thing
We all deſired, therefore let vs conſult.
And now what ſay ye, if with halfe our power,
We iſſue forth, and giue the Rebells fight?
Recor. Before they doe prouoke vs neerer hand.
There were no way to that, if all be pleaſd.
Whats your opinion M. *Ioſſeline*?
Ioſ. Good ſooth my L. *Maior* and M. *Recorder*,
You may take your choice, but in my conceit,
Iſſue if you will, or elſe ſtay if you will,
A man can neuer be too wary, and ſo forth.
Yet as to iſſue will not be the worſt,
Euen ſo to tarry: well, you may thinke more on't,
But all is one, we ſhall be ſure to fight,
And you are wiſe enough to ſee your time, I, I, a
Gods name.
Re. My Lord accept his meaning better than his counſell.

Ma.

Ma. I, ſo we doe, or elſe we were too blame.
What if we ſtoppe the paſſage of the Thames,
With ſuch prouiſion as we haue of ſhippes?

Recor. It is doubtfull yet, my Lord, whether the Rebells
Purpoſe that way to ſeeke out detriment.
Rather me ſeemeth they will come by land,
And either make aſſault at *London*-Bridge,
Or elſe at Algate: both which entrances,
Were good they ſhould be ſtrongly fortified.

Ioſſ. Well ſaid M. *Recorder*, you do I, I, I, ye warrant.

Recor. As for the other, the whole companies
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the reſt,
Are drawne together for their beſt defence.
Beſide the Towre a neighbor to that place,
As on the one ſide it will cleare the riuer,
So on the other with their Ordinance,
It may repulſe and beate them from the gate.

Ma. What noiſe is this? prouide ye ſodainly:
And euery man betake him to his charge. *A noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Sho. Soft: who is this? how now my friend, what newes?

Meſ. My maiſter, the Lieutenant of the Towre, giues ye to vnderſtand he hath deſcried the army of the Rebells.

Recor. Which way come they?

Meſ. From Eſſexward, and therefore it is his mind,
You guarde both Algate well, and Biſhopſgate.

Ma. Saint *George* away, and let vs all reſolue,
Either to vanquiſh this rebellious rout,
Preſerue our goods, our children and our wiues,
Or ſeale our reſolution with our liues. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falconbridge, Spicing, with his troupes.

Fal. Summon the City, and command our entrance.
Which if we ſhall be ſtubbornly denied,
Our power ſhall ruſh like thunder through the walls.

Spi. Open your gates ſlaues when I command ye.

Spicing beates vpon the gates, and then enters the Lord

Maior and his associates with prentises.

Ma. Whats he that beats thus at the City gates,
Commanding entrance as he were a King?

Fal. He that will haue releasement for a King:
I *Thomas Nevill* the Lord *Falconbridge*.

Spi. Ho sirra, you, clapperdudgin, vnlocke, vnbolt,
Or ile bolt you if I get in, stand you preaching with a poxe?

Ma. We haue no warrant *Thomas Falconbridge*,
To let your armed troupes into our City,
Considering you haue taken vp these armes,
Against our Soueraigne and our countries peace.

Fal. I tell thee Maior, and know he tels thee so,
That commeth armed in a Kings defence,
That I craue entrance in King *Henries* name,
In right of the true line of Lancaster.
Me thinkes that word spoke from a *Nevils* mouth,
Should like an earthquake rend your chained gates,
And teare in peeces your portcullesses.
I thunder it againe into your eares,
You stout and braue couragious Londoners,
In *Henries* name I craue my entrance in.

R. Should *Henries* name command thee entrance heer,
We should deny alleageance vnto *Edward*,
Whose true and faithfull Subiects we are sworne,
And in whose presence is our sword vp borne.

Fal. I tell thee Traitor, then thou bearest thy sword
Against thy true vndoubted King.

Shoare. Nay then I tell thee bastard *Falconbridge*,
My Lord Maior beares his sword in his defence,
That put the sword into the armes of London,
Made the Lord Maiors for euer after Knights,
Richard, deposed by *Henry Bullenbrooke*,
From whom the house of Yorke doth claime their right.

Fal. Whats he that answeres vs thus sawcily?

Smo. Sirra your name, that we may know you heerafter.

Sho. My name is *Shoare*, a Goldsmith by my trade.

Fal.

Fal. What, not *Shoare* that hath the dainty wife,
Shoares wife the flowre of London for her beauty?

Sho. Yes Rebell, euen the very ſame.

Spi. Runne raſcall, and fetch thy wife to our Generall preſently, or elſe all the gold in Cheape-ſide cannot ranſome her: wilt thou not ſtirre when I bid thee?

Fal. Shoare liſten me, Thy wife is mine, thats flat.
This night in thine houſe ſhe ſleepes with me.
Now *Croſebie* the Lord ſhall we enter in?

Ma. Croſebie the Lord Maior tells thee proud Rebell no.

Fal. No *Croſebie* ſhall I not? then doting Lord,
I cramme the name of Rebell downe thy throat.
Thers not the pooreſt Raſcall of my campe,
But if he chance to meet thee in Cheape-ſide,
Vpon thy foot-cloath, he ſhall make thee light,
And hold his ſtirrop while he mount thy horſe,
Then lackie him which way he pleaſe to goe.
Croſebie Ile make the Citizens be glad,
To ſend thee and the Aldermen thy Brethren,
All manacled, and chaindelike Gally-ſlaues,
To ranſome them, and to redeem the City.

M. Nay then proud Rebell, pauſe and hear me ſpeake,
Thers not the pooreſt and meaneſt Citizen,
That is a faithfull ſubiect to the King,
But in deſpite of thy rebellious route,
Shall walke to *Bowe*, a ſmall wand in his hand,
Although thou lie encamped at Mile-end Green:
And not the proudeſt Rebell of you all,
Shall dare to touch him for his damned ſoule.
Come we will pull vp our Portcullices,
And let me ſee thee enter if thou dare.

Fal. Spoken like a man, and true velure iacket.
And we will enter or ſtrike by the way. *Exeunt*

Enter Lord Maior, Recorder, and Iaſſeline.

M. Where Maiſter *Recorder*, and Ma. *Iaſſeline*?

Recor. Heere my Lord Maior, wee now haue mand the walle

walles, and fortified such places as was needfull.

Ma. Why it is well, Brothers and Citizens.
Stick to your City as good men should doe.
Thinke that in *Richards* time euen such a Rebell,
Was then by *Walworth* the L. Maior of *London*,
Stabd dead in Smithfield:
Th n shew your selues as it befits the time,
And let this finde a hundreth *Walworths* now,
Dare stab a Rebell were he made of brasse.
And Prentises sticke to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now.
God and our King against an arrant Rebell,
Brothers away, let vs defend the walles.

1. *Pren.* My Lord, your words are able to infuse
A double courage in a cowards brest.
Then feare not vs, although our chins be bare,
Our hearts are good, the triall shall be seen
Against these Rebells on this champain green.

2. *Pren.* We haue no trickes nor polices of war,
But by the ancient custome of our Fathers,
Weel soundly lay it on, take't off that will,
And *London* Prentises be rul'd by me,
Die ere you lose faire *Londons* liberty.

Spi. How now flatcaps, are ye growne so braue?
Tis but your words: when matters come to proofe,
You scudde as twere a company of sheep.
My counsaile therfore is to keep your shops,
What lacke you, better will beseem your mouthes,
Than termes of war, in sooth you are too young.

1. *Pren.* Sirra go too, you shall not finde it so.
Flatcaps thou call'st vs, we scorne not the name,
And shortly by the vertue of our swords,
Weel make your cap so sit vpon your crowne,
As sconce and cap and all shall kisse the ground.

2. *Pren.* You are those desperate, Idle, swaggering mates,
That haunt the Suburbs in the time of peace,

And

And raiſe vp Ale-houſe braules in euery ſtreet,
And when the rumor of the war begins,
You hide your heads, and are not to be found.
Pr. Thou tearm'ſt it better that we keep our ſhops.
It's good indeed we ſhould haue ſuch a care.
But yet for all our keeping, now and then
Your pilfring fingers breake into our lockes,
Vntill at Tyborne you acquit the fault.
Go to, albeit by cuſtome we are milde,
As thoſe that doe profeſſe ciuility,
Yet being mou'd, a neſt of angry hornets
Shall not be more offenſiue than we will.
Weel fly about your eares, and ſting your hearts.
Ioſſ. He tells you truth my friends, and ſo forth.
Fal. Who can endure to be ſo brau'd by boyes?
1. *Pren.* Nay ſcorne vs not that we are Prentiſes.
The Chronicles of *England* can report,
What memorable actions we haue done
To which this daies atchieuement ſhall be knit,
To make the volume larger than it is.
Ma. Now of mine honor, you do cheer my heart,
Braue Engliſh of-ſprings, valiantly reſolu'd.
2. *Pren.* My Lord, returne you backe, let vs alone,
You are our Maiſters, giue vs leaue to worke,
And if we doe not vanquiſh them in fight,
Let vs goe ſupperleſſe to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their crew.

Spi. Smoke, get thee vp on the top of S. Buttolphs ſteeple, and make a proclamation.
Smo. What a plague ſhould I proclaime there?
Spi. That the bells be rung backward,
And cutting of throats be cride hauocke,
No more calling of lanthorne and candle light,
That maiden-heads be valued at iuſt nothing:
And Sacke be ſold by the Sallet.

That no pidling slaue stand to picke a locke, but slash me off the hinges, as one would slit vp a Cowes paunch.

Spi. Let no man haue lesse then a ware-house to his ward-robe: cry a figge for a Sergeant, and walke by the Counter like a Lord, plucke out the clapper of Bow-bell, and hang vp all the Sextons in the City.

Smoky. Rantam Scontam, Rogues follow your leader, Caualero *Spicing*, the maddest slaue that euer pounded spice in a morter.

Spi. Take mee an Vsurer by the greasie pouch, and shake out his crownes, as a hungry dog would shake a Haggasse: Barre foule play Rogues, and liue by honest filching and stealing: hee that hath a true finger, let him forfait his face to the frying-pan.

Follow your Leader Rogues, follow your Leader.

Smo. Assault, Assault, and cry a *Falconbridge*.

Iosseline on the walles cries to them.

Ios. Sirra *Spicing*, if *Spicing* be thy name, wee are heer for matters and causes as it might seeme for the King, therefore it were good, and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates, or if we be the pick-locks, ye Rogues weele play the Mastiffe dogs amongst you: If I woorrie not a thousand of you with my teeth, let mee be hangd in a packthreed, and so forth.

Ios. Fond fellow, iustice is to be vsed, I marry is it, and law in some sort as it were is to bee followed, oh God forbid else. This our Magistrate hath power as might seem, and so forth: for duety is to be obserued, and Officers must be obeyed, in sort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. Weell talke more anon good M. and so forth.

Heer is a very fierce assault on all sides, wherein the Prentises doe great service.

Enter Falconbridge angry with his men.

Fal. Why this it is to trust to these base Rogues,
This dastly scum of rascall pesantry,

This

This hartleſſe rout of baſe raſcalitie.
A plague vpon you all, ye cowardly Rogues:
You crauen curres, you ſlimy muddy Clownes,
Whoſe courage but conſiſts in multitude,
Like ſheep and neat that follow one another,
Which if one run away, all follow after:
This hedge-bred Raſcall, this filthy fry of ditches,
A vengeance take you all, this tis to lead you.
Now doe you cry and ſhrike at euery ſhocke.
A hot conſuming miſchiefe follow you.

Spi. Swounds, ſcale Rogues, ſcale, a *Falconbridge*, a *Falconbridge*.

Enter Lord Maior and his traine.

Ma. Set open the gates, nay then weel ſally out.
It neuer ſhall be ſaid when I was Maior,
The Londoners were ſhut vp in the City.
Then cry King *Edward*, and let's iſſue out.

Fal. Now if you be true-hearted Engliſhmen,
The gate's ſet open and the Portcilliſe vp.
Let's Pel Mel in, to ſtop their paſſage out.
He that firſt enters be poſſeſt of Cheape.
I giue him it freely, and the chiefeſt wench.

Spi. That he can finde, let that lye in the bargaine.

Exeunt.

The Lord Maior and the Citizens hauing valiantly repulſed the Rebels from the Citie: Enters Falconbridge and Spicing, and their traine wounded and diſmaied.

Spi. Heareſt thou Generall? there 's hot drinking at the mouth of Biſhopſgate, for our ſouldiers are all Mouth; they lye like Raſcals with their braines beaten out, therefore ſince we are like to feede Hogs in Houndſditch, let vs retire our troupes, and ſaue our maimed men: or if we iſſue further, we are put to the ſword euery mothers ſon of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villain in whoſe damned mouth
Was neuer heard of any word but wounds.

Whose recreant limbes are notcht with gaping scarres,
Thicker than any carking craftsmans score:
Whose very skalp is scratcht, and craz'd, and broken,
Like an old mazer beaten on the stones:
And stand'st thou now to saue our maimed men?
A plague vpon thee coward.

Spi. Why how now base *Thomas*? Swounds, wert thou a base Viall, thou art but a Rascall and a Rebell as I am, hearest thou, if I doe not turne true Subiect, and leaue thee, let mee be woorried with dogs. Swounds, dost thou impeach my manhood? *Tom Nevill* thou hadst as good to haue damnd thy selfe as vttered such a word: flatly I forsake thee, and all that loue *Ned Spicing*, follow me.

Heer the rest offer to follow.

Fal. Come, come, you testy fool, thou seest me grieu'd,
Yet canst not bear with my infirmity.
Thou knowest I hold thee for as tall a man
As any liues or breaths our English aire.
I know there liues not a more fiery spirit,
A more resolued, valiant, a plague vpon it,
Thou knowest I loue thee, yet if a word escape
My lips in anger, how testie then thou art?
I had rather all men left me then thy selfe,
Thou art my soule, thou art my Genius:
I cannot liue without thee not an howre.
Thus must I still bee forc't against my will
To sooth this durty slaue, this cowardly rascall. *aside.*
Come, come, be friends, ye testie firebrand,
We must retire, there is no remedy.

Spi. Nay *To.* if thou wilt haue me mount the walles,
And cast my selfe downe headlong on their pikes,
Ile doe it: but to impeach my valour,
Had any man but thou spoke halfe so much,
I would haue split his heart: still beware
My valour, such words goe hardly downe.
Well, I am friends, thou thoughtest not as thou spakest.

Fal.

Fal. No on my ſoule, thou thinkeſt not that I did.
Sound a retreat there I command ye ſtrait,
But whither ſhall we retire?

Spi. To Mile-end Green, there is no fitter place.

Fal. Then let vs back retire to Mile-end Green,
And there expect freſh ſuccour from our friends,
With ſuch ſupply as ſhall ere long aſſure
The City is our owne, march on, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Maior with his traine and Prentiſes.

Maior. Ye haue beſtird you like good Citizens,
And ſhewne your ſelues true Subiects to your King.
You worthily Prentiſes beſtird your ſelues,
That it did cheere my heart to ſee your valour,
The Rebells are retired to Mile-end Green.

Re. Where ſo we may not ſuffer them to reſt,
But iſſue forth vpon them with freſh force.

Ioſſ. My Lord Maior, diligence doth well, and ſo forth.
Matters muſt be looked into as they ought, indeed
ſhould they: when things are well done, they are,
and ſo forth, for cauſes and things muſt indeed be
look't into.

Ma. Well ſir, we very well conceiue your meaning,
And you haue ſhewn your ſelfe a worthy Gentleman:
See that our wals be kept with courts of guard,
And well defended againſt the enemy.
For we will now withdraw vs to Guild-hall,
To take aduice what further muſt be done. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maiſter Shoare, and Lane his wife.

Shoare. Be not afraid (ſweet heart) the worſt is paſt:
God haue the praiſe, the victory is ours.
We haue preuaild, the Rebells are repuls't,
And euery ſtreet of *London* ſoundeth ioy.
Canſt thou then (gentle *Lane*) be ſad alone?

Lane. I am not ſad now you are heer with me.

My ioy, my hope, my comfort and my loue,
My deare, deare husband, kindeſt *Mathew Shoare*.
But when theſe armes the circle of my ſoule,
Were in the fight ſo forward as I heard,
How could I chuſe, ſweet heart, but be afraid?
Sho. Why doſt thou tremble now when peril's paſt?
Ia. I thinke vpon the horror of the time,
But tell me why you fought ſo deſperately.
Sho. Firſt to maintaine King *Edwards* royalty,
Next to defend the Cities liberty,
But chiefly *Iane* to keep thee from the foile
Of him, that to my face did vow thy ſpoile.
Had he preuaild, where then had bin our liues?
Diſhonored our Daughters, raviſhed our faire Wiues,
Poſſeſt our goods, and ſet our Seruants free,
Yet all is nothing to the loſſe of thee.
Ia. Of me ſweet heart? why how ſhould I be loſt?
Were I by thouſand ſtormes of fortune toſt,
And ſhould endure the pooreſt wretched life,
Yet *Iane* will be thy honeſt loyall wife.
The greateſt Prince the Sunne did euer ſee,
Shall neuer make me proue vntrue to thee.
Sho. I feare not faire meanes, but a Rebels force.
Ia. Theſe hands ſhall make his body a dead corſe,
Ere force or flattery ſhall mine honor ſtaine.
Sho. True fame ſuruiues, when death the fleſh hath ſlaine.

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Of. God ſaue you M. *Shoare*, and Miſtris by your leaue.
Sir, my L. Maior ſends for you by me,
And praies your ſpeedy preſence at Guild-hall.
Ther's newes the Rebells haue made head againe,
And haue enſconc't themſelues vpon Mile-end,
And preſently our armed men muſt out.
You being Captaine of two companies,
In honor of your valor and your skill,

Muſt

Muſt lead the vaward. God and right ſtand with ye.
Sho. Friend tell my Lord Ile waite vpon him ſtrait.
Ia. Friend tell my Lord he does my husband wrong,
To ſet him formoſt in the danger ſtill.
You ſhall not goe if I may haue my will.
Sh. Peace wife, no more: friend I will follow you. *Exit*
Ia. I faith you ſhall not, pree thee do not go.
Sh. Not ſo ſweet Heare: that were a cowards trick,
A Traitors part to ſhrinke when others fight.
Enuy ſhall neuer ſay that *Mathew Shoare*
The Goldſmith ſtaid, when other men went out,
To meet his kings and countries enemie.
No *Iane*, 'gainſt all the Rebells on Mile-end,
I dare alone K. *Edwards* right defend.
Ia. If you be ſlaine, what ſhall become of me?
Sho. Right well my wench, I row will marry thee.
Ileaue thee worth at leaſt fiue thouſand pound.
Ia. Marry againe? that word my heart doth wound.
Ile neither marry, nor I will not liue. *She weepes.*
If you be kild, let me goe with thee *Mat.*
Sho. Tis idle talke good *Iane*, no more of that.
Goe to my Lady Maioreſſe and the reſt,
As you are ſtill compaſſion with the beſt,
With them be merry, and pray for our good ſpeed.
Ia. To part with thee my very heart doth bleed.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troups marching, all being at Mile-end.

Fal. Yet ſtand we in the ſight of vpreard Troy,
And ſuck the aire ſhe drawes: our very breath
Flies from our noſtrils warme vnto the walles.
We beard her briſtling ſpires, her battled towres,
And proudly ſtand and gaze her in the face.
Looke on me, and I doubt not ye imagine,
My worth as great as any one of yours.

My

My fortunes, would I basely fawne on *Edward*,
To be as faire as any mans in *England*.
But he that keepes your Soueraigne in the Towre,
Hath seizd my land, and robd me of my right:
I am a Gentleman as well as he.
What he hath got, he holds by tyranny.
Now if you faint, or cowardly should fly,
There is no hope for any one to liue,
We hear the Londoners will leaue the Citie,
And bid vs battell heer on Mile-end Green:
Whom if we vanquish, then we take the Towne,
And ride in triumph thorow Cheape to Paules.
The Mint is ours, Cheape, Lombard-street our owne,
The meanest souldier wealthier than a King.

Spi. March faire you rogues, all Kings or Capknitters: Doth thou hear, *Tom Falconbridge*? I pree thee grant me one boone I shall aske thee.

Fal. What is it *Ned*? its hard I should deny thee.

Spi. Why that when we haue wonne the City, as we cannot chuse but winne it, that I may haue the knighting of all these rogues and rascalls.

Fal. What then?

Spi. What then? Zounds I scorne your scuruy wry mouthed, what then? now a pox take me? I fight a blow.

Fal. Why this is fine, go to, knight whom thou wilt.

Spi. who? I knight any of them? Ile see them hanged first for a company of tattred ragged rascalles. If I were a King I would not knight one of them.

Chub. What, not me Cauele to *Chub*?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee: and yet Ile see thee hanged ere Ile honour thee so much: I care not so much for the matter, but I would not be denied my humour.

Fal. Why, what a peruerse fellow art thou *Ned*?

Spi. Ho my fine *Tom*, my braue *Falconbridge*, my mad Greek, my lusty *Neuill*, thou art a King, a *Cæsar*, a plague on thee, I loue thee not, and yet Ile die with thee.

Enter

Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Iosseline, Shoare, and their souldiers marching.

Maior. See how rebellion can exalt it selfe,
Pruning the feathers of sicke discipline.

Recor. They thinke they can out look our truer lookes.

Sho. Marke but the scornefull eye of *Falconbridge*.

Ma. I rather think tis feare vpon his cheek,
Decyphers pale disturbance in his heart.

Ios. Our comming forth hath, well, I say no more,
But shall we take occasion, and so forth.
Rebellion should haue no respite, oh my Lord,
The time hath been, but tis all one for that.

Spi. How like a troupe of rancke ore-ridden iades,
You bushie bearded Citizens appeare?

Chub. Nay, rather so many men in the Moon,
And euery one a furzen bush in his mouth.

All. The foure and twenty wards now faire befall them:
Would any one haue thought before this houre,
There had been such increase of muddy slaues?

Spi. Peace souldiers, they are resolute you see,
And not to flatter vs, nor fauor them,
Such haughtie stomackes seldome haue been seen
Imbodied in the brests of Citizens.
How sternly in their owne peculiar strength,
Without the assistance of their lingring King,
Did they of late repulse vs from their wals?
And now againe how expeditiously,
And vnexpected they haue met vs heer?
Were we more deadly incensed than wee are,
I would not but commend their chiualrie.

Smo. Captaine shall we goe challenge them to fight?
S'blood we burne day light, they'le thinke anon,
We are affraid to see their glittering swords.

Chub. Tell them they come in stead of pudding pies,
And Stratford cakes to make a banquet heer.

Fal. Soft giue me leaue, I will deuise with words,

To weaken and abash their fortitude.

Ri. The bastard offers to come forth my Lord.

Ma. I am the man intends to answer him.

Fal. Crosbie.

Ma. Traitor.

All. Traitor? zounds downe with him:

Fal. Be patient, giue me leaue I say to speak.
I doubt not but the Traitors name shall rest
With those that keep their lawfull King in bonds:
Mean time ye men of London, once againe
Behold my warlike colours are displaied,
Which I haue vow'd shall neuer be wrapt vp,
Vntill your lofty buildings kisse our feet,
Vnlesse you grant me passage through your streets.

Ri. Passage, saist thou? that must be ore our breasts,
If any passage thou art like to haue.

Fal. VVhy then vpon your bodies I will tread,
And wade through standing pooles of your lost blood.

Sho. VVe know thy threats, and reckon them as wind,
Not of sufficient power to shake a reed.

Spi. But we shooke your gates not long ago,
And made your gates to shake like yrish bogges.

Chub. I, and so terrified yee, that none of yee durst come to fetch a pinte of Sack at the Mouth at Bishopsgate, no not for your liues.

Iof. I but you know what followed, and so forth.

Spi. Et cetera? are you there? mee thinkes the sight of the dun Bull, the *Nevills* honored crest, should make you leaue your broken sentences, and quite forget euer to speake at all.

Sho. Nay then looke thou vpon our Cities armes,
Wherein is a bloody dagger, that is it,
VVherewith a Rebell like to *Falconbridge*,
Had his desert meet for his treachery.
Can you behold that, and not quake for feare?

Ri. Since when, it is successiuely decreed,

Traitors

Traitors with vs shall neuer better speed.
Spi. Captaines and fellow Souldiers talke no more,
But draw your meaning forth in downe right blowes.
Fal. Sound then alarum.
Maior. Doe the like for vs: and where the right is,
there attend successe.
Ios. Stay and be better aduis'd: why Countrimen,
VVhat is this *Falconbridge* you follow so?
I could instruct you, but you know my mind.
And *Falconbridge* what are these Rusticals,
Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse,
Shall I informe thee? no, thou art wise inough,
Edward of Yorke delaies the time you say,
Therefore he will not come, imagine so.
The Cities weak, hold that opinion still,
And your pretence King *Henries* liberty.
True, but as how? shall I declare you? no.
VVhat then? youle fight, a Gods name take your choise:
I can no more but giue you mine aduice.
Fal. Away with this parentheses of words.
Crosebie, courage thy men: and on this green,
VVhose cause is right, let it be quickly seen.
Maior. I am as ready as thou canst desire.
On then a Gods name.

They fight, the Rebels driue them backe: then Enter Falconbridge and Spicing.

Fal. This was well fought, now *Spicing* list to me,
The Citizens thus hauing giuen vs ground,
And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band
Of *Essex* souldiers, and with all the speed
Thou possibly canst make, withdraw thy selfe,
And get between the Citie gates and them.
Spi. Oh *Tom Newill* gallant *Falconbridge*,
I aime at thy entended policie,

This is my meaning: while thou art imploid,
And holdst them battaile heer on Mileend Green,
I must prouide as harbenger before,
There be not only cleer and open passage,
But the best Merchants houses to receiue
Vs and our retinew, I am proud of that,
And will not sleep vpon thy iust command.
Fal. Away then, I will follow as I may,
And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

After some excursions, enter Lord Maior and Master Shoare.

Ma. We haue recouered what before we lost,
And heauen stands with the iustice of our cause,
But this I noted in the fight euen now,
That part of this rebellious crue is sent,
By what direction, or for what intent,
I cannot ghesse, but may suspect the worst,
And as it seemes they compasse it about,
To hemme vs in, or get the gate of vs.
And therefore Cosin *Shoare* as I repose
Trust in thy valour and thy loyalty,
Draw forth three hundred bowmen, and some pikes,
And presently encounter their assault.
Sho. I haue your meaning and effect my Lord,
I trust I shall disappoint them of their hope.

After an alarum, Enter Spicing with a drum and certaine souldiers.

Spi. Come on my hearts, we will be Kings to night,
Carouse in gold, and sleep with Marchants wiues,
While their poore husbands loose their liues abroad.
We are now quite behinde our enemies backs,
And theres no let or hinderance in the way,
But we may take possession of the towne.
Ah you mad Rogues, this is the wished houre,
Follow your leader and be resolute.

At her marcheth, thinking to enter, Shoare and his souldiers issue forth and repulse him, after excursions, wherein the Rebels are dispersed. Enter Maior, Rec. Sho. Jos. and a Messenger talking with the Maior.

Ma. I my good friend, so certifie his Grace,
The Rebells are dispersed all and fled.
And now his Highnes meets with victory. *Exit Mes.*
Marshal your selues, and keep in good aray,
To adde more glory to this victory:
The King in person commeth to this place,
How great an honor haue you gaind to day?
And how much is this City fam'd for euer,
That twise without the helpe either of King,
Or any, but of God, and our owne selues,
We haue preuaild against our countries foes?
Thankes to his Maiesty assisted vs,
Who alwaies helps true Subiects in their need.

The Trumpets sound, then enters King Edward, L. How. Sellenger and the traine.

King. Where is my Lord Maior?
Ma. Heer dread Soueraigne,
I hold no Lordship nor no dignity,
In presence of my gratious Lord the King,
But all I humble at your Highnesse feet,
With the most happy conquest of proud Rebells
Dispersed and fled, that now remaines no doubt,
Of euer making head to vexe vs more.
King. You haue not taken the bastard *Falconbridge*?
Or is he slaine?
Ma. Neither, my gracious Lord,
Although we labourd to our vttermost,
Yet all our care came ouershort,
For apprehending him or *Spicing* either:
But some are taken, others on proffered grace

Yeelded themselues, and at your mercy stand.

K. Thankes good L. Maior, you may condemne vs
Of too much slacknes in such vrgent need:
But we assure you on our royall word,
So soon as we had gathered vs a power,
VVe dallied not, but made all haste we could.
VVhat order haue you tane for *Falconbridge*
And his Confederates in this rebellion?

Ma. Vnder your leaue my Liege, we haue proclaimd
VVho bringeth *Falconbridge* aliue or dead,
Shall be requited with a thousand markes,
As much for *Spicing*, others of lesse worth
At easier rates are set.

K. VVell haue ye done,
And we will see it paid from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this, and come to you,
That haue so well deseru'd in these affaires,
Affaires, I mean of so maine consequence.
Kneel downe, and all of you receiue in field,
The honor you haue merited in field.

There he draws his sword and knights them.

Arise Sir *Iohn Crosbie*, L. Maior of London and Knight.
Arise Sir *Ralfe Iosseline* Knight.
Arise Sir *Thomas Vrswicke* our Recorder of London, and Knight.
Now tell me which is M. *Shoare*.

Ma. This same my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with *Falconbridge*.

King. Shoare kneel thou downe.
VVhat call you elsse his name?

Re. His name is *Mathew Shoare* my Lord.

K. Shoare why kneelest thou not, and at thy Soueraignes hand receiue thy right?

Shoare. Pardon me my gratious Lord,
I doe not stand contemptuous or despising
Such royall fauour of my Soueraigne,

But

But to acknowledge mine vnworthines:
Farre be it from the thought of *Matthew Shore*,
That he should be aduanc'd with Aldermen,
With our L. Maior, and our right graue Recorder.
If any thing hath been performd by me,
That may deserue your Highnes meanst respect,
I haue inough, and I desire no more,
Then let me craue that I may haue no more.

King. VVell, be it as thou wilt, some other way.
We will deuise to quitance thy deserts,
And not to faile therein vpon my word.
Now let me tell ye all my friends at once,
Your King is married since you saw him last:
And haste to helpe you in this needfull time,
Made me on sudden to forsake my Bride.
But seeing all things are fallen out so well,
And there remaines no further doubt of ill,
Let me entreate, you would goe boote your selues,
And bring your King a little on his way.
How say you my Lord, shall it be so?

Ma. Now God forbid, but that my Lord the King
Should alwaies haue his Subiects at command.

Iof. For quoth? I in good sadnes, your Maiestie shall finde vs alwaies ready, and so forth.

King. Why then set forward Gentelmen:
And come L. Maior, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge and Spicing with their weapons in their hands.

Spi. Art thou the man whose victories drawne at sea,
Fild euery heart with terror of thy name?
Art thou that *Neuill* whom we tooke thee for?
Thou art a louse, thou bastard *Falconbridge*,
Thou baser than a bastard, in whose birth
The very dregs of seruitude appeare.
Why tell me, liuer of some rotten Sheep,

After

After by thy allurements we are brought,
To vndertake this course, after thy promises
Of many golden Mountaines to ensue,
Is this the greatest comfort thou canst giue?
Hast thou ensnar'd our heedlesse feet with death,
And brought vs to the libbet of defame,
And now dost bid vs shift and saue our selues?
No crauen, were I sure I should be tane,
I would not stir my feet vntill this hand
Had venged me on thee for misguiding vs.

Fal. Opprobrious villane, stable excrement,
That neuer dreamt'st of other manhood yet,
But how to ierke a horse, vntill my words
Infus'd into thee resolutions fire.
Control'st thou me for that wherein thy selfe
Art only the occasion of mishap?
Hadst thou and they stood to it as well as I,
The day had bin our owne, and *London* now,
That laughs in triumph, should haue wept in teares.
But being backt by such faint-hearted slaues,
No maruaile if the Lyon goe to wracke:
As though it were not incident to Kings,
Sometime to take repulse, mine is no more:
Nor is it for that muddy braine of thine
To tutor me how to digest my losse.
Then fly with those that are already fled,
Or stay behinde, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Oh preludice to *Spirings* conquering name,
Whose valour euen the hacks this sword hath made
Vpon the flint, and yron barres at Algate,
Like mouthes will publish whiles the City stands:
That I shrunke back? that I was neuer seen
To shew my manly spleen but with a whip?
I tell thee *Falconbridge*, the least of these,
Doe challenge blood before they be appeasd.

Fal. Away you scoundrell, tempt not my resolue,

The

The courage that ſuruiues in *Falconbridge*,
Scornes the incounter of ſo baſe a drudge.
Spi. By the pure temper of this ſword of mine,
By this true fleſh and blood that gripes the ſame,
And by the honor I did win of late,
Againſt thoſe frosty bearded Citizens,
It ſhall be tride before we doe depart,
Whether accuſeth other wrongfully,
Or which of vs two is the better man.
Fal. I ſhall but quite the hangman of a labour:
Yet rather then to be vpbraided thus,
The Eagle once will ſtoop to feed on carion.
They fight: Enter Chub.
Ch. Hold, if ye be men; if not, hold as ye are, Rebels & ſtrong Theeues: I bring ye newes of a proclamation. The King hath promiſed, that whoſoeuer can bring the head of *Falconbridge* or *Spicing*, ſhall haue for his labor a thouſand crownes; what meane you then to ſwagger, ſaue your ſelues.
Spi. This proclamation comes in happy time.
Ile vanquiſh *Falconbridge*, and with this ſword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the King.
So not alone I ſhall be pardoned,
But haue the thouſand crownes is promiſed.
Fal. This Raſcall was ordain'd to ſaue my life:
For now, when I haue ouerthrowne the wretch,
Euen with his head Ile yeeld me to the King.
His princely word is paſt to pardon me;
And though I were the chiefe in this rebellion,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.
Chub. O that I knew how to betray them both.
Fal. How ſaiſt thou *Spicing*? wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe?
For I haue vowed either alive or dead
To bring thee to King *Edward*.
Spi. And I haue vow'd the like by thee.
How will theſe two bad contraries agree?
Chub. And I the ſame by both of you.
Fal. Come, ſir, Ile quickly rid you of that care.

Spi. And what thou lotteſt me ſhall be thy ſhare.
Chub. Heer comes a Miller, helpe to part the fray,
Theſe are the Rebells *Falconbridge* and *Spicing*.
The worſt of them is worth a thouſand crownes.
Mil. Marry, and ſuch a booty would I haue.
Submit, ſubmit, it is in vaine to ſtriue. *Exit Fal.*
Spi. Why? what art thou?
Mil. One that will hammer you:
But what 's the other that is fled away?
Chub. Oh Miller, that was *Falconbridge*,
And this is *Spicing* his companion.
Spi. I tell thee, Miller, thou haſt been the meanes
To hinder the moſt charitable deed
That euer honeſt Chriſtian vndertooke.
Chub. Thou canſt beare me witnes, I had tane
That moſt notorious Rebell but for him.
Mil. But I haue taken thee; and the world knowes,
That *Spicing* is as bad as who is beſt.
Spi. Why, thou miſtak'ſt, I am a true Subiect.
Chub. Miller, he lies: be ſure to hold him faſt.
Spi. Doſt thou accuſe me? apprehend him too:
For he's as guilty as any of vs.
Mil. Come, you ſhall both together anſwer it
Before my Lord Maior, and heer he comes.

Enter Lord Maior, Ioſſeline and other attendants.

Ma. Sir *Ralph Ioſſeline*, haue you euer ſeen a Prince more affable than *Edward* is? what merry talke he had vpon the way!
Ioſ. Doubtleſſe, my Lord, heel proue a royall King.
But how now? what are theſe?
Mil. God ſaue your honor,
Heer I preſent vnto my Lord Maior
A paire of Rebells, whom I did eſpie
As I was buſie grinding at my mill;
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had beſet ſome true man from his houſe,
I came to keep the peace; but afterward
Found that it was the baſtard *Falconbridge*,

And

And this his mate together by the eares.
The one, for all that I could do, escap't,
The other standing at your mercy heer.

Ma. It is the rebell *Spicing*.

Spi. It is indeed,
I see you are not blind; you know me then.

Ma. Well, miller, thou hast done a Subiects part,
And worthily deseru'st that recompence
Is publickly proclaimed by the King.
But what's this other? I haue seen his face,
And, as I take it, he is one of them.

Mil. I must confesse, I tooke them both together:
He ayded me to apprehend the rest.

Chub. A telles you true, my Lord; I am *Chub* the Chandler, and I curse the time that euer I saw their faces: for if they had not been, I had liu'd an honest man in mine owne country, and neuer come to this.

Spi. Out, rogue, dost thou recant for feare of death?
I, Maior, I am he that sought to cut your throat:
And since I haue miscarried in the fact,
Ile ne're deny it, do the worst you can.

Ma. Bring him away, he shall haue martiall law,
And at the next tree we doe come vnto,
Be hang'd, to rid the world of such a wretch.
Miller, thy duty is a thousand Markes,
which must bee shar'd betweene thee and this poore fellow, that did reueale him. And sirra, your life is saued on this condition, that you hang vp *Spicing*: how saist thou? wilt thou doe it?

Chub. Will I doe it? what a question is that? I would hang him, if hee were my father, to saue mine owne life.

Ma. Then when ye haue done it, come home to my house, and there you shall be truly rewarded.

Spi. Well, sirra, then must thou be my hangman?

Chub. I by my troth, sir, for fault of a better.

Spi. Well, commend mee to little Pin, and pray her to redeeme my pawnd hose, they lye at the blue Bore for eleuen

pen ce, and if my Hostesse will haue the other od peny, tell her she is a damn'd Bawd, and there is no truth in her score.

Chub. Take no thought, sir, for your pound hose; they are lowsie, and not worth the redeeming.

Spi. There is a Constable stickes in my minde; hee got my sword from me that night I should haue killed black *Ralphe*: if I had liu'd I would haue bin meet with him.

Chub. I sir, but heeres a thing shall take an order for that.

Spi. Commend me to blacke Luce, bounsing Besse, & lusty Kate, and the other pretty morsels of mans flesh. Farewell, Pinke and Pinnesse, Flibote, and Caruell, Turnebull, and Spittle, I die like a man.

Chub. Oh Captaine *Spicing* thy vaine enticing
brought me from my trade;
From good candles making, to this paines taking,
a Rebell to be made.
Therefore, *Ned Spicing*, to quit thy enticing,
this must be thy hope,
By one of thy fellowes to be led to the Gallowes,
to end in a rope. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs. Dudgeon, dost thou heare, looke well to Brocke my mare, driue Dunne and her faire and softly downe the hill, and take heede the thornes teare not the hornes of my Cow hides, as thou goest neare the hedges: ha, what saist thou, knaue, is the Bulles hide downe? why lay it vp againe, what care I? Ile meet thee at the stile, and helpe to set all straight. And yet God helpe its a crooked world, and an vnthrifty; for some that haue nere a shooe, had rather go bare foot, than buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new, for they haue time enough to mend all, they sit so long between the cup and the wall; well, God amend them, God amend them. Let mee see by my executor heere, my leather pouch, what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained, what I haue lost, & what I haue laid out: my taking is more than my spending, for here 's store left. I haue spent but a groat; a peny for my two lades, a peny to the poore, a peny

pot

pot of Ale, and a peny Cake for my man and mee, a dicker of Cow-hides coſt me.

Heer enter the Queene and Dutcheſſe with their riding rods, vnpinning their maskes, Hobs goes forward.

S'nailes, who comes heer? miſtris Ferris, or miſtris what call ye her? Put vp, *Iohn Hobs* mony tempts beauty.

Du. Well met, good fellow; ſawſt thou not the Hart?

Hob. My heart? God bleſſe me from seeing my heart.

Du. Thy heart? the Deer, man, we demand the Deer?

Hob. Doe ye demand what's dear? marry Corne & Cow-hides; Maſſe a good ſmug Laſs, well like my daughter *Nel*, I had rather than a bend of leather ſhe and I might ſmoutch together.

Dutcheſſe. cam'ſt thou not downe the wood?

Hobs. Yes, miſtris, that I did.

Dutch. And ſawſt thou not the Deer imboſt?

Hobs. By my hood ye make mee laugh, what the dickens is it loue that makes ye prate to mee ſo fondly? by my Fathers ſoule I would I had iobd faces with you.

Huntſ. Why how now *Hobs*? ſo ſawcy with the Dutcheſſe and Queen.

Hobs. Much Queen, I trow; theſe be but women, and one of them is like my wench, I would ſhee had her raggs, I would giue a load of haire and horne, and a fat of leather, to match her with ſome huſſice, by the meg holly.

Huntſ. Be ſilent, Tanner, and aske pardon of the Queen.

Hobs. And you be the Queen, I cry you mercy, good miſtris Queen.

Queen. No faults, my friend, Madam, let's take our bowes, and in the ſtanding ſeek to get a ſhoote.

Dutcheſſe. Come, bend our bowes, and bring the heard of Deer. *Exeunt.*

Hobs. God ſend ye good ſtanding, and good ſtriking and fat fleſh: ſee if all Gentlewomen bee not alike when their blacke faces be on, I tooke the Queene, as I am a true Tanner, for miſtris Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in Greene.

Hobs. Soft, who comes heer? more knaues yet?

Sel. Ho, good fellow; sawst thou not the King?

Hobs. No, good fellow; I saw no King: which King doost thou aske for?

How. Why, King *Edward*: what King is there else?

Hobs. There's another King, and ye could hit on him, one *Harry*, one *Harry*; and by our Lady, they say hee's the honester man of the two.

Sel. Sirra, beware you speak not treason.

Hobs. What if I do?

Sel. Then thou shalt be hang'd.

Hob. A dogs death, ile not meddle with it. For by my troth, I know not when I speake treason, when I doe not: there's such halting betwixt two Kings, that a man cannot goe vpright, but he shall offend tone of them. I would God had them both, for me.

How. Well, thou sawst not the King?

Hob. No, is he in the country?

How. Hee's hunting heer at *Drayton Basset*.

Hob. The diuell he is, God blesse his Masterships: I saw a woman heer, that they said was the Queen; shee's as like my daughter, as euer I see, but my daughter is the fairer.

Sel. Farewell, fellow, speak well of the King. *Exeunt.*

Hob. God make him an honest man, I hope that's well spoben: for byth mouse foote, some giue him hard words; whether he zerues vm or not, let him looke to that; ile meddle of my cowhide, and let the world slide.

Enter the King disguised.

The diuell in a dung-cart: how these roysters swarme in the countrie, now the King is so neere! God liuer mee from this, for this lookes like a theefe, but a man cannot tell amongst these Courtnols who's true.

K.Ed. Holla, my friend; good fellow, pree thee stay.

Hob. No such matter, I haue more haste of my way.

K.Ed. If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hob. My purse thou meanest. I am no good fellow, and I pray God thou best not one.

K.Ed.

K.Ed. Why, doſt thou not loue a good fellow?

Hob. No: good fellowes be theeues.

K.Ed. Doſt thou thinke I am one?

Hob. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghoſtly father.

K.Ed. I meane thee no harme.

Hob. Who knoweth that but thy ſelfe? I pray God hee ſpy not my purſe.

K.Ed. On my troth I meane thee none.

Hob. Vpon thy oth ile ſtay: now, what ſaiſt thou to mee? Speake quickly, for my company ſtaies for me beneath at the next ſtile.

K.Ed. The King is hunting heer-abouts; didſt thou ſee his Maieſtie?

Hob. His Maieſty? what's that? his horſe or his mare?

K.Ed. Tuſh, I meane his Grace.

Hob. Grace, quoth a? pray God he haue any: which King doſt thou quire for?

K.Ed. Why, for King *Edward*: knoweſt thou any more Kings than one?

Hob. I know not ſo many, for I tell thee, I know none: marrie I heare of King *Edward*.

K.Ed. Didſt thou ſee his Highneſſe?

Hob. By my hollidame, that's the beſt tearme thou gau'ſt him yet: hee's high inough, but he has put poore King *Harry* low inough.

K.Ed. How low hath he put him?

Hob. Nay, I cannot tell; but he has put him downe: for he has got the crowne, much good doot him with it.

K.Ed. Amen. I like thy talke ſo well, I would I knew thy (name.

Hob. Doſt thou not know me?

K.Ed. No.

Hob. Then thou knoweſt no-body: didſt neuer heare of *Iohn Hobs* the Tanner of *Tamworth*?

K.Ed. Not till now, I promiſe thee; but now I like thee wel.

Hob. So do not I thee. I feare thou are ſome out-rider that liues by taking of purſes heer on *Reſ* heath; but I feare thee not, for I haue wared all my money in Cowhides at *Cole*-

market.

market, and my man and mare are hardby at the hill foote.

K.Ed. Is that thy grey mare that's tied at the stile with the hides on hir backe?

Hobs. That's Brock my mare, and there's Dunne my nag, and *Dudgeon* my man.

K.Ed. Ther's neither man nor horse, but only one mare.

Ho. Gods blew budkin, has the knaue sern'd me so? farewel: I may lose hides, hornes, & mare, & all by prating with thee.

K.E. Tarry, man; tarry: theile sooner take my gelding then thy gray mare, for I haue tied mine by her.

Hobs. That will I see afore Ile take your word.

K.E. Ile beare thee company.

Hobs. I had as lieue goe alone. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Huntsmen againe with the bowes.

1 *Hunt.* Now on my troth, the Queene shoots passing well.

2 *Hun.* So did the Dutchesse when she was as young.

1 *Hunt.* Age shakes the hand, & shootes both wide & short.

2 *Hunt.* What haue they giuen vs?

1 *Hunt.* Six rose nobles iust.

2 *Hunt.* The Queene gaue foure.

1 *Hunt.* True, and the Dutchesse twaine.

2 *Hunt.* O I were we euer so paide for our paine?

1 *Hunt.* Tut: had the King come, as they said he would, he would haue rain'd vpon vs showers of gold.

2 *Hunt.* Why? he is hunting somewhere here-about; let's first go drinke, and then go seeke him out. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward againe, and Hobs.

K.Ed. How saist thou, Tanner? wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Ho. Courser calst thou him? so ill mought I fare, thy skittish iade wil neither abid to carry my lether, my hornes nor hide. But if I were so mad to scorce, what boote wouldst thou giue me?

K. Nay boote, thats boote worthy, I look for boot of thee.

Hob. Ha, ha, a merry ligge, why man, Brocke my mare knowes ha and ree, and will stand when I cry ho, and let me get vp and down, and make water when I doe.

K.Ed.

K.Ed. Ile giue thee a Noble, if I like her pase: lay thy Cowhides on my saddle, and let's jog towards Drayton.

Hob. 'Tis out of my way: but I begin to like thee well.

K.Ed. Thou wilt like me better before we do part. I preethee tell me, What say they of the King? (thee?

Hob. Of the King thou mean'st: art thou no blab if I tell

K.Ed. If the King knowes not now, he shall neuer know it for me.

Hob. Masse, they say King *Harrie*'s a very aduowtry man.

K.Ed. A deuout man: and what's King *Edward*?

H. Hee's a franke franion, a merry companion, and loues a wench well: they say he has married a poore widow, because shee's faire.

K. Dost like him the worse for that?

H. No, by my feckins, but the better: for though I bee a plaine Tanner, I loue a faire lasse my selfe.

K. Preethee tell me, How loue they King *Edward*?

H. Faith, as poore folks loue holy-dayes; glad to haue them now and then, but to haue them come too often, will vndoo them: so to see the King now and then, 'tis comfort, but euery day would begger vs, and I may say to thee, we feare we shalbe troubled to lend him mony, for we doubt hee's but needy.

King. Wouldst thou lend him no mony, if he should need?

Hob. By my Hollidome, yes: he shall haue halfe my store, & ile sell soale-leather to help him to more.

K. Faith, whether louest thou better *Harry* or *Edward*?

H. Nay, that's counsel, & two may keep it, if one be away.

K. Shall I say my conscience? I thinke *Harry* is the true King.

H. Art aduis'd of that? *Harrie*'s of the old house of Lancaster, and that progenity do I loue.

K. And thou dost not hate the house of York?

H. Why no: for I am just a-kin to Sutton Wind-mill, I can grinde which way so e're the winde blow: if it bee *Harry*, I can say, Well fare Lancaster: if it bee *Edward*, I can sing, Yorke, Yorke for my mony.

King. Thou art of my minde: but I say, *Harry* is the lawfull King. *Edward* is but an vsurper, and a foole, and a coward.

Hob. Nay, there thou lieſt: he has wit enough, and courage enough: doſt thou not ſpeak treaſon?

King. I, but I knowe to whom I ſpeak it.

Hob. Doſt thou? Well, if I were Conſtable, I ſhould bee forſworne, if I ſet thee not in the ſtocks for it.

K. Well, let it go no further: for I did ſerue King *Harry*, and I lone him beſt, though now I ſerue King *Edward*.

Hob. Thou art the arranter knaue, to ſpeak ill of thy maſter. But, ſirra, what 's thy name? what office haſt thou? and what will the King do for thee?

K. My name is *Ned*: I am the King's Buttler, and hee will doe more for me than for any Noble-man in the Court.

Hob. The diuell he will: he 's the more foole, and ſo Ile tell him if e're I ſee him: and I would I might ſee him in my poor houſe at Tamworth.

K. Go with me to the Court, & Ile bring thee to the King; & what ſute ſoe're thou haue to him, Ile warrant thee to ſpeed.

H. I ha nothing to do at Court, Ile home with my Cow-hides: and if the King will come to me, he ſhall be welcome.

K. Haſt thou no ſute touching thy trade, to tranſport hides, or ſell leather onely in a certain circuit, or about Bark, or ſuch like, to haue Letters Patents?

H. By the Maſſe and the Mattens, I like not thoſe Patents, ſirra, they that haue them, do as the Prieſts did in old time, buy and ſell the ſinnes of the people: ſo they make the King beleeue they mend what 's amiſſe, and for money they make the thing worſe than it is. There 's another thing in it too, the more is the pity.

K. What pity, *Iohn Hobs*? I preethee ſay all.

Hobs. Faith, it 's pity, that one Subject ſhould haue in his hand that which might do good to many thorow the Land.

K. Saiſt thou me ſo, Tanner? Well, let 's caſt lots whether thou ſhalt go with me to Drayton, or I go home with thee to Tamworth.

H. Lot me no lotting, Ile not go with thee: if thou wilt go with

with me, because thou art my Lieges man (and yet I think he has many honester) thou shalt be welcome to *Iohn Hobs*; thou shalt be welcome to beefe and bacon, and perhaps a bagpudding: & my daughter *Nell* shall pop a posset vpon thee when thou goest to bed.

K. Here's my hand, ile but goe and see the King seru'd, and ile be at home as soone as thy selfe.

H. Dost hear, *Ned*? if I shall be thy Oast;
Make haste th'art best: for fear thou kisse the post.

Exit Hobs.

K. Farewell, *Iohn Hobs*, the honest true Tanner.
I see plaine men, by obseruation
Of things that alter in the change of times,
Doe gather knowledge; and the meanest life,
Proportioned with content sufficient,
Is merrier than the mighty state of Kings.
How now, what newes bring ye, sirs? } *Enter How.*
Wher's the Queen? } *and Sellenger.*

Sel. Her Highnesse and your mother, my dread Lord,
Are both inuited by sir *Humphrey Bowes*:
Where they intend to feast, and lodge this night,
And doe expect your Graces presence there.

K. Tom Sellenger, I haue other businesse,
A stray from you and all my other traine.
I met a Tanner, such a merry mate,
So frolike, and so full of good conceit,
That I haue giuen my word to be his guest;
Because he knowes not that I am the King:
Good Cousin *Howard*, grudge not at the iest,
But greet my mother, and my wife from me,
Bid them be merrie, I must haue my humor,
Let them both sup and sleep when they see time:
Commend me kindly to sir *Humphrey Bowes*,
Tell him at breakfast, I will visit him.
This night, *Tom Sellenger* and I must feast
With *Hobs* the Tanner, there plaine *Ned* and *Tom*:
No King, nor *Sellenger* for a thousand pound.

Enter a Messenger booted, with letters, and kneeling gines them to the King.

How. The Queen and Dutches will be discontent,
Because his Highnesse comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir *Humphrey Bowes* may take the most conceit,
But what's the end, the King will haue his pleasure?

King. Good newes, my boyes, *Harry* the sixt is dead; peruse that letter: sirra, drinke you that, *gines his purse*, and stay not; but poste backe againe for life, and thank my brother *Gloster* for his newes: commend mee to him, ile see him to morrow night. How like you it, sirs?

Sel. Oh, passing well, my Liege, you may be merry for this happy newes.

King. The merrier with our Oast the Tanner, *Tom.*
My Lord, take you that letter to the Ladies,
Bid them be merry with the second course;
And if we see them not before we goe,
Pray them to iourney easily after vs:
Weel poste to London, so good night, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come, *Nell*, come daughter, is your hands and your face washed?

Nel. I, forsooth father.

Hobs. You must bee cleanly, I tell you: for there comes a Courtnol hither to night, the Kings Masterships Butler, *Ned*, a spruce youth: but beware you be not in loue nor ouertaken by him, for Courtiers be slippery lads.

Nel. No, forsooth father.

Hob. Gods blessing on thee, that halfe yeeres schooling at *Ditchfield*, was better to thee than house and land; it has put such manners into thee, I forsooth and no forsooth at euerie word: you haue a clean smock on, I like your apparell well, is supper ready?

Nel. I, forsooth father.

Hob. Haue we a good barley bagpudding, a piece of fat bacon, a good cow heele, a hard cheese, and a browne loafe?

Nel. All this forsooth: and more, ye shall haue a posset, but indeed

indeed the rats haue ſpoyled your hard cheeſe.

Hob. Now the diuell choake them, ſo they haue eate mee a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon within. What, Maſter, Maſter?

Hob. How now, knaue, what ſaiſt thou, *Dudgeon?*

Dud. Heer's gueſts come, wher's *Hellen?*

Hob. What gueſts be they?

Dud. A Courtnol, one *Ned* the Kings Butcher, he ſaies, and his friend too.

Hob. Ned the Kings Butcher? ha, ha, the Kings Butler; take their horſes, and walke them, and bid them come neer houſe. *Nell*, lay the cloth, and ſupper o'th boord. *Exit Nel.*

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Mas, heer's *Ned* indeed, and another miſproud Ruffian: Welcome, *Ned*, I like thy honeſty, thou keepeſt promiſe.

K. Ed. I faith, honeſt Tanner, ile euer keepe promiſe with thee: preethee bid my friend welcome.

Hob. By my troth, yee are both welcome to Tamworth: friend, I know not your name.

Sel. My name is *Tom Twiſt.*

Hob. Beleeue ye that liſt: but yee are welcome both, and I like you both well but for one thing.

Sel. What's that?

Hob. Nay, that I keepe to my ſelfe: for I ſigh to ſee and think, that pride brings many one to extruction.

King. Preethee tell vs thy meaning.

Hob. Troth, I doubt yee ne're came truly by all theſe gay ragges. 'Tis not your bare wages, and thinne fees ye haue of the King, can keepe yee thus fine: but eyther ye muſt rob the King priuily, or his ſubiects openly, to maintaine your prodigality.

Sel. Thinkeſt thou ſo, Tanner?

Hob. 'Tis no matter what I think, come, let's go to ſupper: What, *Nell*, what, *Dudgeon?* where be theſe folkes?

Enter Nell, and Dudgeon, with a Table couered.

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

Nel. Ye are welcome Gentlemen, as I may ſay.

Sel. I thanke ye, faire maide. *kisse her both.*

K. A pretty wench by my fay.

Hob. How likeſt her, *Ned*?

K. I like her ſo well, I would you would make me your ſon in law.

Hob. And I like thee ſo well, *Ned*, that hadſt thou an occupation: for ſeruice is no heritage: A young courtier, and an old begger, I could finde in my heart to call her away vpon thee; and if thou wilt forſake the Court and turn Tanner, or bind thy ſelfe to a Shoomaker in *Litchfield*: ile giue thee twenty nobles ready money with my *Nel*, and truſt thee with a dicker of leather, to ſet up thy trade.

Sel. Ned, he offers you faire, if you haue the grace to take it.

K. He does indeed, *Tom*, and heerafter ile tell him more.

Hob. Come, ſit down to ſupper: go too, *Nel*, no more ſheeps eies, ye may be caught: I tell you theſe be licoriſh lads.

Nel. I warrant you father: yet in truth *Ned* is a very proper man, and tother may ſerue, but *Ned's* a pearle in my eye.

Hob. Daughter, call *Dudgeon* and his fellowes, weel haue a threemans ſong, to make our gueſts merry. *Exit Nel.* Nailes, what Courtnols are ye? yeel neither talk nor eat: What newes at Court? doe ſomewhat for your meat.

K. Heauie newes there, King *Henry* is dead.

Hob. That's light newes and merry for your maſter K. *Ed.*

K. But how will the Commons take it?

Hob. Well, God be with good King *Henry*: faith the Commons will take it as a common thing, death's an honeſt man, for hee ſpares not the King: for as one comes, anothers tane away, and ſeldome comes the better, that's all we ſay.

Sel. Shrewdly ſpoken, Tanner, by my fay.

Hob. Come, fill mee a cup of mother *Wheiſtones* Ale, that I may drinke to my friends, and driue downe my tale. Heer, *Ned* and *Tom*, I drink to yee: and yet if I come to the Court, I doubt yeel not know me.

K. Yes, *Tom* ſhall be my ſurety, Tanner, I will know thee.

Sel. If thou doſt not, *Ned*, by my troth I beſhrew thee.

K. I drink to my wife that may be.

Sel.

Sel. Faith, *Ned*, thou maiſt liue to make her a Lady.

K. Tuſh, her father offers nothing, hauing no more children but her.

Hob. I would I had not, condition ſhe had all. But I haue a knaue to my ſon, I remember him by you: euen ſuch an vnthrift as one of you two, that ſpends all on gay clothes and new faſhions, and no worke will downe with him, that I fear heel be hang'd. God bleſſe you from a better fortune, yet you weare ſuch filthy breeks. Lord, were not this a good faſhion? I, and would ſaue many a faire penny.

K. Let that paſſe, and let vs hear your ſong.

H. Agreed, agreed, come ſol, ſol, ſol, fa, fa, fa: ſay *Dudgeon*.

Here they ſing the threemans Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt, know ye not Agencourt,
Where the Engliſh ſlew and hurt
all the French-foemen?
With our Gunnes and Billes browne,
O the French were beaten downe,
Morris pikes and bowmen, &c.

Sel. Well ſung, good fellowes, I would the King heard yee.

Hob. So would I, faith, I ſhould ſtraine a noate for him: Come, take away, and let's to bedde: yee ſhall haue cleane ſheets, *Ned*, but they bee courſe, good ſtrong hempe, of my daughters owne ſpinning; and I tell thee, your Chamber-pot muſt be a faire horne, a badge of our occupation, for wee buy no bending pewter, nor breaking earth.

K. No matter, *Hobs*, we will not goe to bed.

Hob. What then?

K. Euen what thou wilt: for it is neer day.
Tanner, Gramercies for our hearty chear,
If e're it be thy chance to come to Court,
Enquire for me *Ned*, the Kings buttler:
Or *Tom* of the Kings chamber my companion,
And ſee what welcome we will giue thee there.

H. I haue heard of Courtiers haue ſaid as much as you, and when they haue been try'd, would not bid their friends drink.

Sel.

Sel. We are none such: let our horses be brought out,
For we must away, and so with thanks farewell.

Hob. Farewell, ye both: commend me to the King, and tell him, I would haue been glad to seen his Worship here. *Exit.*

King. Come, *Tom*, for London: horse, and hence away.

Enter Vice-Admirall and the Captaine of the Ile of Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the Headsman bearing the axe before him.

Mor. Thomas Neuill, yet hast thou gracious time
Of dear repentance, now discharge thy conscience:
Lay open thine offences to the world,
That we may witnesse thou dost dye a Christian.

Fal. Why, sir *Harry Morton*, haue you arraign'd,
Condemn'd, and brought me to this place
Of bloudy execution; and now aske
If I be guilty? therein doth appeare,
What iustice you haue vsed: call you this law?

Ca. Thou dost mistake our meaning, *Falconbridge*:
We doe not aske, as being ignorant
Of thy transgression, but as vrging thee
To hearty sorrow for thy vile misdeeds,
That Heauen may take compassion on thy soule.

Fal. How charitable you would seem to be?
I feare anon, youle say it is for loue,
You bind me thus and lead me to the block;
And that of meer affection you are moou'd
To cut my head off: cunning policy.
Such butchers as your selues are, neuer want
A colour to excuse your slaughterous minde.

Mor. We butcher thee? canst thou deny thy selfe,
But thou hast been a Pyrate on the sea?
Canst thou deny, but with the communalty
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in armes,
And twice assault the City *London*, where
Thou twice didst take repulse? and since that time,
Canst thou deny, that being fled from hence,

Thou

Thou ioynedst in confederacy with *France*,
And cam'st with them to burne *South-hampton* heer?
Are these no faults, thou should'st so much presume
To cleer thy selfe, and lay thy blood on vs?
Fal. Heare me, sir *Harry*, since we must dispute.
Ca. Dispute, vnciuill wretch, what needs dispute?
Did not the Vice-admirall heer, and I,
Incountring with the nauy of the French,
Attach thee in a ship of *Normandy*:
And wilt thou stand vpon thy innocence?
Dispatch, thou art as rightfully condemn'd,
As euer Rebell was: And thou shalt dye.
Fal. I make no question of it, I must dye:
But let me tell you how I scorne your threats:
So little doe I reckon of the name
Of ougly death, as were he visible;
I'ld wrastle with him for the victory,
And tug the slaue, and teare him with my teeth,
But I would make him stoop to *Falconbridge*:
And for this life, this paultry brittle life,
This blast of wind, which you haue laboured so,
By Iuries, Sessions, and I know not what,
To rob me of, is of so vild repute,
That to obtaine that I might liue mine age,
I would not giue the value of a point:
You cannot be so cruell to afflict,
But I will be as forward to endure.
Mor. Go to, leaue off these idle braues of thine,
And thinke vpon thy soules health, *Falconbridge*.
Ca. Submit, and aske forgiuenesse of the King.
Fal. What King?
Mor. Why, *Edward* of the house of Yorke.
Fal. He is no King of mine, he does vsurpe:
And if the destinies had giuen me leaue,
I would haue told him so before this time,
And puld the Diademe from off his head.
Mor. Thou art a traitor, stop the traitors mouth.

Fal. I am no traitor, Lancaster is King:
If that be treason to defend his right,
What is't for them that doe imprison him?
If insurrection do aduance his scepter,
What fault is theirs that step into his throne?
Oh God, thou powr'dst the balme vpon his head:
Can that pure vnction be wip't off again?
Thou once didst crown him in his infancy:
Shall wicked men now in his age depose him?
Oh, pardon me; if I expostulate
More than becomes a sinfull man to do:
England, I feare thou wilt thy folly rue.

Ca. Thou trifleſt time, and doſt but weary vs
With dilatorie queſtions, make an end.

Fal. Indeed, the end of all kingdomes muſt end,
Honour and riches, all muſt haue an end:
And he that thinkes he doth the moſt preuaile,
His head once laid, there reſteth but a tale:
Come, fellow, doe thy office: what, me thinkes,
Thou look'ſt as if thy heart were in thy hoſe.
Pull vp thy ſpirits: it will be quickly done,
A blow or two at moſt will ſerue the turne.

Head. Forgiue me, ſir, your death.

Fal. Forgiue thee? I, and giue thee too,
Hold, there is ſome few crownes for thee to drinke:
Tuſh, weep not, man, giue loſers leaue to plaine,
And yet if faith, my loſſe I count but gaine.
Firſt, let me ſee, is thy axe ſharpe enough?
I, indifferent, well: Gods name to this geare.

Head. Come, and yeeld your head gently to the block.

Fal. Gently, ſaiſt thou? thou wilt not vſe me ſo,
But all is one for that: what ſtrength thou haſt
Throughout the whole proportion of thy limbes
Reuoke it all into thy manly armes;
And ſpare me not, I am a Gentleman,
A *Newill*, and a *Falconbridge* beſide:
Then doe thy worſt, thou muſt get credit by it:

For if thou doſt not, I muſt tell thee plaine,
I ſhall be paſſing angry when 'tis done.

Head. I warrant you, ſir, none in the Land ſhall doe it better.

Fal. Why now thou pleaſeſt me: *England*, farewell,
And old *Plantagenet*, if thou ſuruiue,
Thinke on my loue, although it did not thriue.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it ſhall be ſent with ſpeed
To *London*; and the promiſed reward,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southampton heer:
How ſay you, Captaine, are you ſo content?

Ca. With all my heart: but I doe maruell much
We heare not of the Meſſenger we ſent,
To giue the King intelligence of this?

M. Take truce with your ſurmiſes: here he comes.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Fellow, it ſeemes that thou art ſlow of gate,
Or very negligent in our affaires:
What ſaies King *Edward* to our ſeruice done?

Meſ. To anſwer you directly and briefly,
I ſpake not with him: for when I was come
To Drayton Baſſet, where they ſaid he was,
'Twas told me there, that euen the night before,
His Highneſſe in all haſte was rid to London:
The occaſion, *Henries* death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in ſundry tales:
Some thinking he was murdred, ſome againe,
Suppoſing that he died a naturall death.

Mor. Well, how ſoe're: that concernes not vs,
We haue to doe with no mans death,
That for high treaſon heer hath loſt his head.
Come, let vs giue direction as before,
And afterward make back vnto the ſhore. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Maior in a ſcarlet gowne, with a gilded rapier by his ſide.

Ma. I marie, *Crosby*, this befits thee well:
But some will maruaile, that with a scarlet gowne,
I weare a gilded Rapier by my side:
Why, let them know, I was knighted in the field,
For my good seruice to my Lord the King;
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court, in Citie, or at any royall banquet:
But soft, *Iohn Crosbie*, thou forget'st thy selfe,
And dost not minde thy parentage,
Where thou wast born, and whence thou art deriu'd:
I do not shame to say, the Hospitall
Of *London* was my chiefest fostring place,
There did I learne, that neer vnto a Crosse,
Commonly cal'd Cow-Crosse neer *Islington*,
An honest Citizen did chance to finde me:
A poore Shoomaker by his trade he was,
And doubting of my Christendome or no,
Cald me, according to the place he found me,
Iohn Crosby, finding me so by a Crosse.
The masters of the Hospitall at further yeeres,
Bound me apprentize to the Grocers trade,
Wherein God pleas'd to blesse my poore endeuours,
That by his blessing I am come to this:
The man that found me, I haue well requited,
And to the Hospitall my fostring place,
An hundred pound a yeere I giue for euer.
Likewise in memory of me *Iohn Crosby*,
In Bishopsgate street a poore house haue I built,
And as my name, haue cald it *Crosby* house;
And when as God shall take me from this life,
In little S. Helens I will be buried:
All this declares, I boast not of my birth,
But found on earth, I must returne to earth.
But God for his pitty! I forget my selfe,
The King my Soueraigne Lord will come anon,
And nothing is as yet in readinesse;
Where are ye, cousin *Shoare*? nay, where is Mistris *Shoare*?

Oh

Oh I am sorry that she stays so long:
See what it is to be a widower,
And lacke a La. Maioresse in such need!

Enter M. Shoare and Mistris Shoare.

Oh are ye come? welcome, good cousin *Shoare*:
But you indeed are welcome, gentle Niece,
Needs must you be our La. Maioresse now,
And helpe vs, or else we are sham'd for euer:
Good cousin, still thus am I bold with you.

Sho. With all my heart, my Lord, and thank ye too,
That you doe please to vse our homely helpe.

Ma. Why, see how neatly she bestirs her selfe,
And, in good sooth, makes huswifery to shine?
Ah, had my La. Maioresse liu'd to see
Faire Mistris *Shoare* thus beautifie her house,
She would haue been not little proud thereof.

La. Well, my L. Maior, I thank you for that flout:
But let his Highnesse now come when he please,
All things are in a perfect readinesse.

They bring forth a table, and serue in the banquet.

Ma. The more am I beholding, Niece, to you,
That take such paines to saue our credit now:
My seruants are so slack, his Maiestie
Might haue been heer, before we were prepar'd:
But peace, here comes his Highnesse.

The Trumpets sound, and enters King Edward, How. Sal. and the traine.

K. Now, my L. Maior, haue we not kept our word?
Because we could not stay to dine with you.
At our departure hence, we promised,
First food we tasted at our back returne,
Should be with you; still yeelding hearty thanks
To you and to our *London* Citizens:
For the great seruice which you did perform
Against that bold-fac'd Rebell *Falconbridge*.

Ma. My gracious Lord, what then we did,

We did account no more then was our duety,
Thereto obliged by true subiects zeale:
And may he neuer liue, that not defends
The honour of his King and Country.
Next, thank I God it likes your Maiestie
To blesse my poore roofe with your royall presence:
To me could come no greater happinesse.

K. Thanks, my L. Maior: but wher's my La. Maioresse,
I hope that she will bid vs welcome too?

Ma. She would, my Liege, and with no little ioy,
Had she but liu'd to see this blessed day;
But in her stead this Gentlewoman heer,
My cousins wife, that office will supply;
How say you, mistris *Shoare?*

K. How? mistris *Shoare?* what not his wife
That did refuse his Knight-hood at our hand?

Ma. The very same, my Lord, and heer he is.

K. What, M. *Shoare*, we are your debter still,
But by Gods grace intend not so to die:
And, Gentlewoman, now before your face,
I must condemne him of discourtesie;
Yea, and of great wrong that he hath offered you,
For you had been a Lady but for him:
He was in fault, trust me he was to blame,
To hinder vertue of her due by right.

Ia. My gracious L. my poore and humble thoughts
Ne're had an eye to such great worthinesse:
And though some hold it as a maxime,
That womens minds by nature do aspire,
Yet how, both God and M. *Shoare* I thank,
For my continuance in this humble state;
And likewise how I loue your Maiesty,
For gracious sufferance that it may be so,
Heauen bear true record of my inward soule:
Now it remaines, on my Lord Maiors behalfe,
I doe such duety as becommeth me,
To bid your Highnesse welcome to his house:

Were

Were welcomes vertue powerfull in my word,
The King of England should not doubt thereof.
K. Nor doe I, mistris *Shoare*: now, my L. Maior,
Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome:
You spake the word well, very well ifaith,
But mistris *Shoare* her tongue hath gilded it:
Tell me, cousin *Howard*, and *Tom Sellenger*,
Had euer Citizen so faire a wife?
How. Of flesh and blood I neuer did behold
A woman euery way so absolute.
Sel. Nor I, my Liege: were *Sellenger* a King,
He could afford *Shoares* wife to be a Queen.
K. Why, how now, *Tom*? nay, rather how now, *Ned*?
What change is this? proud, saucy, roauing eye,
What, whisper'st in my braine that she is faire?
I know it, I see it, fairer than my Queen?
Wilt thou maintaine it? what, and thou traitor heart,
Would'st thou shake hands in this conspiracy?
Downe rebell, back, base treacherous conceit,
I will not credit thee: my *Besse* is faire,
And *Shoares* wife but a blowze, compar'd to her:
Come, let vs sit, here will I take my place,
And, my L. Maior, fill me a bowle of wine,
That I may drink to your elected Maioresse:
And, M. *Shoare*, tell me how like you this,
My L. Maior makes your wife his L. Maioresse?
Sho. So well, my Lord, as better cannot be,
All in the honor of your Maiestie.

The Lord Maior brings a bowle of wine, and humbly on his knees offers it to the King.

K. Nay, drinke to vs, L. M. weel haue it so:
Go to I say, you are our Taster now,
Drinke then, and we will pledge ye.
M. All health and happinesse to my Soueraign. *he drinks.*
K. Fill full our cups and, Lady Maioresse,
This full carowse we meane to drink to you,
And you must pledge vs, but yet no more,

Then

Then you shall please to answer vs withall.

He drinks, and the Trumpets sound, then wine is brought to her, and she offers to drinke.

Nay, you must drinke to some body: yea, Tom, to thee.
Well, sirra, see you do her right:
For *Edward* would, oh, would to God he might.
Yet, idle eye, wilt thou be gadding?
Keep home, keep home for feare of further ill.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

How now? letters to vs, from whom?

Mes. My Liege, this from the D. of Burgundy,
And this is from the Constable of France.

K. What newes from them?

He opens the letter, and reads.

To claime our right in *France*,
And they will aid vs: yea, will ye so?
But other aide must aide vs, ere we go:

He seemes to read the letters, but glances on Mistris Shores in his reading.

A womans aide, that hath more power than *France*
To crowne vs, or to kill vs with mischance:
If chast resolue be to such beauty tyed,
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be still denied.
Her husband hath deserued well of thee:
Tut, loue makes no respect where e're it be.
Thou wrong'st the Queen: euery enforced ill
Must be indur'd, where beautie seeks to kill.
Thou seem'st to read, only to blind their eies,
Who knowing it, thy folly would despise.

He starts from the Table.

Thanks for my cheare, L. Maior, I am not well:
I know not how to take this newes: This sir I meane,
That hath bereft me of all reason clean.

M. God shield my Soueraigne.

K. Nay, nothing: I shall be well anon.

Lone. May it please your Highnesse sir,

K. I, faine with shee: nay, we must needs be gone.

Cousin

Cousin *Howard*, convay these letters to our Councell,
And bid them giue vs their aduice of them:
Thanks for my cheare, L. Maior, farewell to you,
And farewell, mistris *Shoare*. La. Maioresse I should say,
'Tis you haue caus'd our parting at this time:
Farewell, M. *Shoare*, farewell to all,
Weel meet once more to make amends for this.

Exeunt King, How. and Sel.

Ma. O God, heer to be ill?
My house to cause my Soueraigns discontent?
Cousin *Shoare*, I had rather spent. (humors:

Sho. Content your selfe, my Lord, Kings haue their
The letters did containe somewhat, no doubt,
That did displease him.

Ia. So, my Lord, thinke I,
But by Gods helpe he will be well againe.

Ma. I hope so too: well, Cousin, for your paines
I can but thanke you, chiefely you, faire Niece,
At night I pray yee both come sup with me:
How say ye? will ye?

Sho. Yes, my Lord, we will.
So for this time we humbly take our leaue.

Exeunt Shoare and his wife.

Ma. Oh, how the suddaine sicknesse of my Liege,
Afflicts my soule with many passions?
His Highnesse did intend to be right merry.
And God he knowes, how it would glad my soule,
If I had seene his Highnesse satisfied
With the poore entertainement of his Maior;
His humble vassaile, whose lands, whose life and all
Are, and in duty must be alwayes his.
Well, God, I trust, will blesse his Graces health,
And quickly ease him of his sudden fit:
Take away there, ho, rid this place,
And God of heauen blesse my Soueraignes Grace. *Exit.*

Enter two Prentices preparing the Goldsmiths shop with plate.

1. *Pren.* Sirra, Iacke, come, set out.

2. *Pren.* You are the elder Prentice: I pray you doe it, lest my mistris talke with you when she comes downe, what is it a clocke?

1. *Pren.* Six by Alhallowes.

2. *Pren.* Lying and stealing will bring you to the Gallowes: Is heer all the plate?

1. *Pren.* I, that must serue to day:
Where is the weights and ballance?

2. *Pren.* All ready, harke, my mistris comes. *Exit.* 1. *Pren.*

Enter Mistris Shoare with her worke in her hand.

Ia. Sir boy, while I attend the shop my selfe,
See if the workeman haue dispatch't the Cup,
How many ounces weighs it?

2. *Pren.* Twenty, forsooth.

Ia. What said the Gentleman to the fashion?

2. *Pren.* He told my master: I was not within.

Ia. Goe, sir, make haste, your master is in Cheap-side:
Take heed ye were best your loitring be not spide.

The boy departs, and she sits sowing in her shop.

Enter the King disguised.

K. Well fare a case to put a King in yet:
Good mistris *Shoare*, this doth your loue procure,
This shape is secret, and I hope 'tis sure:
The Watermen that daily vse the Court,
And see me often, know me not in this,
At Lyon-key I landed in their view,
Yet none of them tooke knowledge of the King;
If any Gallant striue to haue the wall,
Ile yeeld it gently: soft, here must I turne,
Heer's Lumbard street, and heer's the Pellican,
And ther's the Phenix in the Pellicans nest;
O rare perfection of rich natures worke!
Bright twinkling sparke of precious Diamond,
Of greater value than all India:
Were there no Sun, by whose kind louely heat
The earth brings forth those stones we hold of price,

Her radiant eyes deiected to the ground,
Would turne each Peble to a Diamond:
Gaze, greedy eyes, and be not satisfied,
Till ye finde rest where hearts desire doth bide.

Ia. What would you buy, sir, that you look on here?

K. Your fairest Iewell, be it not too deare.
First, how this Saphire, mistris, that you weare?

Ia. Sir, it is right, that will I warrant you:
No Ieweller in *London* shewes a better.

K. No, nor the like, you praise it passing well.

Ia. Do I? no, if some Lapidary had the stone, more would not buy it than I can demand:' Tis as well set, I thinke, as e're you saw.

K. 'Tis set indeed vpon the fairest hand that e're I saw.

Ia. You are dispos'd to iest: but for value, his Maiesty might weare it.

K. Might he, ifaith.

Ia. Sir, 'tis the Ring I mean.

K. I meant the hand.

Ia. You are a merry man, I see,
You came to cheape, and not to buy.

K. Yet he that offers fairer than he doe,
Shall hardly finde a partner in his bargaine.

Ia. Perhaps, in buying things of so small value.

K. Rather, because no wealth can purchase it.

Ia. He were too fond, that would so highly prize
The thing, which once was giuen away for loue.

K. His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Ia. The gift so small, that askt, who could deny it?

K. Oh, she gaue more, that such a gift then gaue,
Than earth e're had, or world shall euer haue.

Ia. His hap is ill, should it be as you say:
That hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

K. That easily prooues he doth not know the worth.

Ia. Yet hauing had the vse of it so long,
It rather prooues you ouer-rate the thing.

He being a Chapman, as it seemes you are.
K. Indeed none should aduenture on the thing,
That's to be purchast only by the King.
Ia. If Kings loue that which no man else respects,
It may be so: else doe I see small reason,
A King should take delight in such course stuffe.
K. Liues there a King, that would not giue his crowne,
To purchase such a kingdome of content?
Ia. In my conceit, right well you aske that question,
The world, I think, containes no such fond King.
K. Why, mistris *Shoare*, I am the man will doe it.
Ia. It's proudly spoke, although I not beleeue it,
Were he K. *Edward* that should offer it.
K. But shall I haue it?
Ia. Vpon what acquaintance?
K. Why, since I saw thee last.
Ia. Where was that?
K. At the L. Maiors, in presence of the King.
Ia. I haue forgotten that I saw you there:
For there were many that I tooke small note of.
K. Of me you did, and we had some discourse.
Ia. You are deceiued, Sir, I had then no time,
For my attendance on his Maiesty.
K. I le gage my hand vnto your hand of that,
Looke well vpon me.

He discouers himselfe.

Ia. Now I beseech you, let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldnesse to your Maiestie: *(she kneeles.*
What euer we possesse, is all your Highnesses,
Only mine honor which I cannot grant.
K. Only thy loue (bright Angell) *Edward* craues,
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.

Enter M. Shoare.

Ia. But heer comes one, to whom I only gaue it,
And he, I doubt, will say you shall not haue it.
K. Am I so soone cut off? oh spight:
How say you, mistris, will you take my offer?

Ia.

Ia. Indeed I cannot, ſir, afford it ſo.
K. Youle not be offered faireſt, I beleeue.
Ia. Indeed you offer like a Gentleman,
But yet the iewell will not be ſo left.
Sho. Sir, if you bid not too much vnder-foot,
Ile driue the bargaine twixt you and my wife.
K. Alas, good *Hoare*, my ſelfe dare anſwer no. *King aſide.*
Nothing can make thee ſuch a iewell forgoe:
She ſaith thou ſhalt be too much loſer by it.
Sho. See in the Row then, if you can ſpeed better.
K. See many worlds arow, afford not like.

As he goes forth, Shoare looks earneſtly, and perceiues it is the King, whereat he ſeemeth greatly diſcontented.

Ia. Why lookſt thou, *Mat*? know'ſt thou the Gentleman?
Alas, what ailes thee that thou look'ſt ſo pale?
What cheare, ſweet heart? alas, where haſt thou been?
Sho. Nay nothing, *Iane*, know you the Gentleman?
Ia. Not I, ſweet heart, alas, why doe you aske?
Is he thine enemy?
Sho. I cannot tell:
What came he heer to cheapen at your ſhop?
Ia. This iewell, loue.
Sho. Well, I pray God he came for nothing elſe.
Ia. Why, who is it? I doe ſuſpect him, *Shoare*,
That you demand thus doubtfully of me.
Sho. Ah, *Iane*, it is the King.
Ia. The King, what then? is't for that thou ſigh'ſt?
Were he a thouſand Kings, thou haſt no cauſe
To feare his preſence, or ſuſpect my loue.
Sho. I know I haue not, ſee, he comes againe.

The King enters againe, muffled in his cloake.

King. Still is my hindrer there? be patient, heart,
Some fitter ſeaſon muſt aſſwage thy ſmart.
What, will you take that, miſtris, which I offred you?
I come againe, ſir, as one willing to buy.
Ia. Indeed I cannot, ſir, I pray you

Deale with my husband, heare what he will say.

Sho. Ile sell it worth your mony, if you please: A4

I pray you come neere, sir.

K. I am too neere already, thou so neere:
Nay, nay, she knowes what I did offer her,
And in good sadnesse, I can giue no more:
So fare you well, sir, I will not deale with you. *Exit.*

Ia. You are deceiu'd (sweet heart) 'tis not the King.
Thinke you he would aduenture thus alone?

Sho. I doe assure thee, *Iane*, it is the King:
Oh God, twixt the extremes of loue and feare,
In what a shiuering ague sits my soule?
Keep we our treasure secret, yet so fond
As set so rich a beautie as this is,
In the wide view of euery gazers eye?
Oh traitor beautie, oh deceitfull good,
That dost conspire against thy selfe and loue:
No sooner got, but wisht againe of others,
In thy owne selfe, iniurious to thy selfe:
Oh rich poore portion, thou good euill thing,
How many ioyfull woes still dost thou bring?

Ia. I preethee come, sweet loue, and sit by mee,
No King that's vnder heauen ile loue like thee. *Exit.*

Enter sir Humphrey Bowes, and master Aiton, being two Iustices, Harry Grudgen, Robert Goodfellow, and Iohn Hobs the Tanner.

Bow. Neighbours and friends, the cause that you are called,
Concernes the Kings most excellent Maiestie,
Whose right you know by his Progenitors,
Vnto the Crowne and Soueraignitie of France,
Is wrongfully detained by the French;
Which to reuenge and royally regaine,
His Highnesse meanes to put himselfe in armes,
And in his princely person to conduct
His warlike troopes against the enemie:
But, for his Coffers are vnfurnished,
Through ciuill discord and intestine warre,

(Whose

(Whoſe bleeding ſcarres our eyes may yet behold)
He prales his faithfull louing Subiects helpe,
To further this his iuſt great enterprize.

Hobs. So the ſecke and meaning, whereby as it were of all your long purgation, Sir *Humphrey*, is no more in ſome reſpect, but the King wants mony, and would haue ſome of his Commentie.

Bow. Tanner, you rightly vnderſtand the matter.

Aſt. Note this withall; where his dread Maieſtie,
(Our lawfull Soueraigne, and moſt royall King)
Might haue exacted or impos'd a Taxe,
Or borrowed greater ſummes than we can ſpare,
(For all we haue, is at his dread command)
He doth not ſo: but mildly doth entreat
Our kind beneuolence, what we will giue,
With willing minds towards this mighty charge.

Enter Lord Howard.

Which to receiue, his noble Councellour
And kinſman the Lord *Howard* here is come.

How. Now, good Sir *Humphrey Bowes*, and M. *Aſton*,
Haue ye declared the Kings moſt gracious pleaſure?

Bow. We haue, my Lord.

How. His Highneſſe will not force,
As loane or tribute: but will take your gift
In gratefull part, and recompence your loue,

Bow. To ſhew my loue, though mony now be ſcarce,
A hundreth pound ile giue his Maieſtie.

How. 'Tis well, Sir *Humphrey*.

Aſton. I a hundreth markes.

How. Thanks, maſter *Aſton*, you both ſhew your loue:
Now aske your neighbours what they will beſtow.

Bow. Come, maſter *Hadland*, your beneuolence.

Had. O good Sir *Humphrey*, doe not racke my purſe:
You know my ſtate, I lately ſold my land.

Aſton. Then you haue mony, let the King haue part.

Hob. I, do, maſter *Hadland*, do: they ſay ye ſold a foule deale of durty land for faire gold and ſiluer, let the King haue ſome.

now

haue

now while you haue it, for if ye bee forborne a while, all will be spent: for he that cannot keep land that lies fast, will haue much adoo to hold mony, it's slippery ware, 'tis melting ware, 'tis melting ware.

How. Gramercy, Tanner.

Bow. Say, what shall we haue?

Hadland. My forty shillings.

Aston. Robert Goodfellow.

I know you will be liberall to the King.

Good. O M. *Aston*, be content, I pray you:
You know my charge, my household very great,
And my house-keeping holds me very bare,
Threescore vprising and down-lying, sir,
Spends no small store of vittailes in a yeare;
Two brace of Greyhounds, xx. couple of Hounds,
And then my iades deuoure a deale of corne:
My Christmas cost, and then my friends that come,
Amounts to charge: I am *Robin Goodfellow*,
That welcomes all, and keeps a frolick house,
I haue no mony, pray ye pardon me.

Hob. Heer's a plaine Tanner can teach you how to thriue,
Keep fewer dogs, and then ye may feed men:
Yet feed no idle men, 'tis needlesse charge.
You that on Hounds and hunting mates will spend,
No doubt but something to your King youle lend.

Good. My brace of angels, by my troth, that's all.

Hob. Masse, and 'tis well the curs haue left so much:
I thought they would haue eaten vp thy house and
land ere this.

Bow. Now, *Harry Grudgen.*

Grudgen. What would ye haue of mee? mony I haue none, and ile sell no stocke: heer's old polling, subsidie, fifteene, souldiers, and the poore: and you may haue your will, youle soone shut me out of doore.

Hob. Heare yee, worships, will ye let mee answer my neighbour *Grudgen*? By my hallidome, *Harry Grudgen*, th'art but a grumbling, gruding Churle: thou hast two ploughs going,

and

and ne're a Cradle rocking, th'aſt a pecke of mony: goe to, turne thee looſe, thou'lt go to law with the Vicar for a tythe-Gooſe, and wilt not ſpare the King fourte or five pound.

Grudgen. Gep, goodman Tanner, are you ſo round? your prolicateneſſe has brought your ſon to the Gallowes almoſt: you can be franke of another mans coſt.

Hob. Th'art no honeſt man to twit me with my ſonne, he may outliue thee yet for ought that he hath done: my ſonne's i'th Gaile: is he the firſt that hath been there? and thou wert a man, as th'art a beaſt, I would haue thee by the eares.

Weeping.

How. Friend, thou wanteſt nurture, to vpbraid a father
With a ſonnes fault: we ſit not heer for this:
What's thy beneuolence to his Maieſty?

Hob. His, benegligence? hang him, heel not giue a penny willingly.

Grudg. I care not much to caſt away forty pence.

How. Out, grudging Peſant, baſe, ill nurtur'd Groome.
Is this the loue thou bear'ſt vnto the King?
Gentlemen, take notice of the ſlaue,
And if he fault, let him be ſoundly plagu'd:
Now, frollick Tanner, what wilt thou afford?

Hob. Twenty old angels and a ſcore of hides: if that be too little, take twenty nobles more, while I haue it, my King ſhall ſpend of my ſtore.

How. The King ſhall know thy louing liberall heart.

Hob. Shall he, ifaith? I thanke you heartily: but heare you, Gentleman, you come from the Court?

How. I doe.

Hob. Lord, how does the King, and how does *Ned* the Kings Butler, and *Tom* of his Chamber, I am ſure you know them.

How. They doe very well.

Hob. For want of better gueſts, they were at my houſe one night.

How. I know they were.

Hob. They promiſt me a good turne for kiſſing my daugh

ter *Nell*, and now I ha cagion to try them: my ſonne is in Dybell heer in Caperdochis, ſi'tha Gaile, for peeping into another mans purſe, and outſtep the King be miſerable, hee's like to rotter: can that ſame *Ned* the Butler doe any thing with the King?

How. More than my ſelfe, or any other Lord.

Hob. A halter he can: by my troth, ye reiounce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court: I warrant thy ſonnes life, *Ned* will ſaue that, and doe thee greater good.

Hob. Ile weane Brocke my mares foale, and come vp to the King: and it ſhall goe hard, but two fat hens for your paines I will bring.

Bow. My Lord, this fellow gladly now will giue fiue pounds, ſo you will pardon his rude ſpeech.

How. For fiue and fiue I cannot brooke the beaſt.

Grud. What giues the Tanner? I am as able as he.

Aſton. He giues ten pound.

Grud. Take twenty then of me.
I pray ye, my Lord, forgiue my rough hew'd ſpeech:
I wis, I meant no hurt vnto my Liege.

Bow. Let vs intreat your Lordſhips patience.

How. I doe at your requeſt remit the offence:
So let's depart, heer's all we haue to doe.

Aſt. 'Tis for this time and place, my Lord: ſirra, bring your mony.

Hob. What haue you ſau'd now, goodman *Grudgen*, by your hinching and your pinching? not the worth of a black pudding. *Exeunt.*

Enter miſtris Shoare and miſtris Blague.

M. Bla. Now, miſtris *Shoare*, what vrgent cauſe is that, which made you ſend for mee in ſuch great haſte? I promiſe you, it made me halfe afraid you were not well.

Ja. Truſt mee, nor ſicke, nor well, but troubled ſtill with the diſeaſe I told you: heer is another letter from the King, was neuer poore ſoule ſo importuned.

M. Bla. But will no anſwer ſerue?

Ja.

Ia. No, mistris *Blagne*, no answer will suffice:
He, he it is that with a violent siege,
Labours to breake into my plighted faith.
Oh, what am I, he should so much forget
His royall State, and his high Maiesty?
Still doth he come disguised to my house,
And in most humble termes bewraies his loue:
My husband grieues: alas, how can he choose,
Fearing the dispossessement of his *Iane*?
And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,
Offering beside incomparable gifts,
And all to winne me to his princely will.

M. Bla. Beleeue me, mistris *Shoare*, a dangerous case,
And euery way repleat with doubtfull feare:
If you should yeeld, your vertuous name were foil'd,
And your beloued husband made a scorne;
And if not yeeld, it's likely that his loue,
Which now admires you, will conuert to hate:
And who knowes not, a Princes hate is death?
Yet I will not be she shall counsaile ye,
Good mistris *Shoare*, do what ye will for me.

Ia. Then counsaile me what I were best to doe.

M. Bla. You know, his greatnesse can dispense with ill,
Making the sinne seeme lesser by his worth:
And you, your selfe, your children and your friends,
Be all aduanced to worldly dignitie:
And this worlds pompe (you know) is a goodly thing:
Yet I will not be she shall counsaile ye,
Good mistris *Shoare*, do what ye will for me:

Ia. Alas, I know that I was bound by oath,
To keep the promise that I made at first,
And vertue liues, when pompe consumes to dust.

M. Bla. So we do say dishonour is no shame,
When slander does not touch the offenders name:
You shall be folded in a Princes armes,
Whose beck disperseth euen the greatest harmes.
Many that fit themselues in high degree,

Will then be glad to ſtoop, and bend the knee?
And who is't, hauing plenty in the hand,
Neuer commanded, but doth ſtill command,
That cannot worke in ſuch exceſſe of things,
To quit the guilt one ſmall tranſgreſſion brings?
Yet I will not be ſhe ſhall counſaile ye,
Good miſtris *Shoare*, doe what ye will for me.

Ia. Here doe I liue, although in meane eſtate,
Yet with a conſcience free from all debate,
Where higher footing may in time procure
A ſudden fall, and mixe my ſweet with ſowre.

M. Bla. True, I confeſſe, a priuate life is good,
Nor would I otherwiſe be vnderſtood:
To be a Goldſmiths wife, is ſome content,
But dayes in Court more pleaſantly are ſpent:
A houſehold gouernment deſerues renowne:
But what is a companion to a Crowne?
The name of Miſtris is a pretty thing,
But Madam at each word doth glory bring:
Yet I will not be ſhe ſhall counſaile ye,
Good miſtris *Shoare*, doe what ye will for me.

Ia. O that I knew, which were the beſt of twaine!
Which for I doe not, I am ſicke with paine.

Enter her boy.

How now, ſirboy, what is the newes with you?

Boy. The Gentleman, forſooth, the other day,
That would haue bought the iewell at your ſtall,
Is here to ſpeak with ye.

Ia. Oh Cocke, it is the King!
Good miſtris *Blague*, withdraw you from this place,
Ile come anon, ſo ſoone as he is gone,
And, ſirra, get you to the ſhop againe. *Exit boy.*

M. Bla. Now, miſtris *Shoare*, bethinke ye what to doe,
Such Sutors come not euery day to woo.

Miſtris Blague departs, and the King enters in his former diſguiſe.

K. Thou maiſt conuict me (beauties pride) of boldneſſe,
That

That I intrude like an vnbidden guest:
But loue being guide, the fault will seeme the lesse.
Ia. Most welcome to your Subiects homely roofe,
The foote, my Soueraigne, seldome doth offend,
Vnlesse the heart some other hurt intend.
K. The most thou seest, is hurt vnto my selfe:
How for thy sake, is Maiesty disroab'd?
Riches made poore, and dignity brought low,
Only that thou might'st Our affection know.
Ia. The more the pitty, that within the sky,
The Sunne that should all other vapours dry,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled vp himselfe in wilfull night.
K. The want of thee, faire *Cynthia*, is the cause,
Spread thou thy siluer-brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the gladsome morning will appeare.
Ia. I may not wander: hee that guides my carre,
Is an immoued, constant, fixed Starre.
K. But I will giue that Starre a Comets name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.
Ia. How if the host of Heauen at this abuse
Repine? who can the prodigie excuse?
K. It lies within the compasse of my power,
To dimme their enuious eyes, dare seeme to lowre:
But leauing this our Enigmatike talke,
Thou must, sweet *Iane*, repaire vnto the Court,
His tongue intreats, controls the greatest Peere,
His hand plights loue, a royall Scepter holds,
And in his heart he hath confirm'd thy good,
Which may not, must not, shall not be withstood.
Ia. If you enforce me, I haue nought to say,
But wish I had not liu'd to see this day.
K. Blame not the time: thou shalt haue cause to ioy:
Iane, in the euening I will send for thee,
And thou and thine shall be aduanc't by me:
In signe whereof receiue this true loue kisse,
Nothing ill meant, there can be no amisse. *Exit.*

Ia. Well, I will in, and ere the time beginne,
Learne how to be repentant for my sinne. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Maior, Master Shoare, and Francis Emersley.

Ma. But, Cousin *Shoare*, are you assur'd it was the King you saw in such disguise?

Sho. Do I know you the Vncle of my wife? know I *Frank Emersley* her Brother heer? so surely do I know that counterfeit to be the King.

Fran. Well, admit all this: And that his Maiesty in such disguise, please to survey the maner of our Citie, or what occasion else may like himselfe: me thinkes, you haue small reason, Brother *Shoare*, to be displeas'd thereat.

Ma. Oh, I haue found him now:
Because my Niece his wife is beautifull,
And well reputed for her vertuous parts,
He in his fond conceit misdoubts, the King
Doth dote on her in his affection:
I know not, Cousin, how she may be chang'd,
By any cause in your procuring it,
From the faire carriage of her wonted course;
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,
She merited no scruple of mislike:
If now some giddie fancie in your braine,
Make you conceiue sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference,
I tell you, Cousin, more for her respect,
Than to sooth you in such a sottishnesse,
I would reueale you open to the world,
And let your folly iustly plague your selfe.

Sho. Vncle, you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennesse;
Your Nieces reputation I haue prizde,
And shrined as deuoutly in my soule,
As you, or any that it can concerne:
Nor when I tell you that it is the King
Comes muffled like a common Seruingman,

Doe

Doe I inferre thereby, my wife is falſe,
Or ſwerues one iot from wonted modeſty:
Though in my ſhop ſhe ſit, more to reſpect
Her ſeruants dutie, than for any skill
Shee doth or can pretend in what we trade,
Is it not ſtrange, that euer when he comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with me?
Ah, Vncle, *Franke*, nay, would all her kin
Were here, to cenſure of my cauſe aright:
Though I misdeeme not her, yet giue me leaue
To doubt what his ſlie walking may intend;
And let me tell ye, he that is poſſeſt
Of ſuch a beautie, feares vndermining gueſts:
Eſpecially a mightie one, like him,
Whoſe greatneſſe may gild ouer vgly ſinne:
But ſay, his comming be not to my wife,
Then hath he ſome ſlie aiming at my life,
By falſe compounded metals or light gold,
Or elſe ſome other trifle to be ſold,
When Kings themſelues ſo narrowly doe prie
Into the world, men feare, and why not I?

Fran. Beleeue me, Brother, in this doubtfull caſe
I know not well how I ſhould anſwer you:
I wonder in this ſerious buſie time,
Of this great gathered beneuolence,
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoile of his Lords,
Yea, of the whole State in generall,
He can be ſpared from theſe great affaires,
And wander here diſguiſed in this ſort:
But is not this your boy?

Enter the boy.

Sho. Yes marry is it: how now, what newes with thee?

Boy. Maſter, my Miſtris by a Nobleman
Is ſent for to the King in a cloſe-Coach:
Shee's gone with him, theſe are the newes I bring.

Ma. How? my Niece ſent for to the King?

By

By a Nobleman, and she is gone with him?
Nay then I like it not.
Fran. How? gone, saist thou?
Sho. Be patient, Vncle, storme not, gentle *Franke*:
The wrong is mine: by whom? a King:
To talke of such, it is no common thing:
She is gone, thou saist.
Boy. Yes, truly, sir, 'tis so.
Sho. I cannot helpe it, a Cocks name let her goe:
You cannot helpe it, Vncle, no, nor you.
Where Kings are medlers, meaner men must rue:
I storme against it? no, farewell, *Iane Shoare*,
Once thou wast mine, but must be so no more.
Ma. Gone to the Court? *Exit Ma.*
Sho. Yet, Vncle, will ye rage?
Let mine example your high heate asswage.
To note offences in a mighty man,
It is enough: amend it he that can.
Franke Emersley, my wife thy sister was,
Lands, Goods and all I haue, to thee I passe,
Saue that poore portion must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloquie:
It neuer shall be said that *Mathew Shoare*,
A Kings dishonor in his bonnet wore.
Fran. Good Brother.
Sho. Striue not to change me, for I am resolu'd,
And will not tarry: England, fare thou well,
And, *Edward*, for requiting me so well:
But dare I speake of him? forbeare, forbeare:
Come, *Franke*, I will surrender all to thee,
And then abroad, where t'rest my fortune be. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Howard, Sellenger, &c.

K. And haue our courteous Subiects been so franke,
And bountifull in their beneuolence
Toward our present expedition?
Thanks, Cousin *Howard*, for thy paines herein:
We will haue letters sent to euery Shire,

Of thankfull gratitude, that they may know,
How highly we reſpect their gentleneſſe.
How. One thing, my L. I had well neere forgot,
Your merry Oaſt the Tanner of Tamworth,
King. What of him, Couſin?
How. He was right liberall:
Twenty old angels did he ſend your Grace,
And others ſeeing him ſo bountifull,
Stretcht further than they otherwiſe had done.
K. Truſt me, I muſt requite that honeſt Tanner:
Oh, had he kept his word, and come to Court,
Then in good ſadneſſe, we had good ſport.
How. That is not long, my L. which comes at laſt:
Hee's come to London on an earneſt cauſe,
His ſonne lies priſoner in Stafford laile,
And is condemned for a robberie:
Your Highneſſe pardoning his ſonne's offence,
May yeeld the Tanner no ſmall recompence.
K. But who hath ſeen him ſince he came to towne?
Sel. My Lord, in *Holborn* 'twas my hap to ſee him
Gazing about, I ſent away my men,
And clapping on one of their liuery cloakes,
Came to him, and the Tanner knew me ſtraite:
How now, *Tom?* and how doth *Ned*, quoth he?
That honeſt merry hangman, how doth he?
I knowing that your Maieſtie intended,
This day in perſon to come to the Tower,
There bad him meet me, where as *Ned*, and I,
Would bring him to the preſence of the King,
And there procure a Pardon for his ſonne.
K. Haue then a care we be not ſeen of him,
Vntill we be prouided for the purpoſe:
Becauſe once more weel haue a little ſport.
Tom Sellenger, let that care be yours.
Sel. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone.
Enter the Lord Maior.
K. Welcome, L. Maior: what, haue you ſignified

Our thankfulneſſe vnto our Citizens,
For their late gathered beneuolence?
Ma. Before the Citizens in our Guildhall,
Maſter Recorder made a good Oration
Of thankfull gratitude vnto them all:
Which they receiued with ſo kind reſpect,
And loue vnto your Royall Maieſtie,
As it appear'd to vs they ſorrowed,
Their bounty to your Highneſſe was no more.
K. Lord Maior, Thanks to your ſelfe, and them:
And goe ye with vs now into the Tower,
To ſee the order that we ſhall obſerue,
In this ſo needfull preparation:
The better may you ſignifie to them,
What need there was of their beneuolence.
Ma. Ile waite vpon your gracious Maieſty:
Yet there is one thing which much grieueth me. *aſide.*

Exeunt.

Enter Shoare, and two Watermen bearing his trunks.

Sho. Goe, honeſt fellowes, beare my trunks aboord,
And tell the Maſter ile come preſently.

Enter Miſtris Shoare, Lady-like attired, with diuers ſupplications in her hand, ſhe vnpinning her maske, and attended on by many Sutors.

1. *Wa.* We will, ſir: but what Lady haue we here?
Belike ſhe is of no meane countenance,
That hath ſo many Sutors waiting on her.
Sho. Goe one of ye, I pray ye enquire her name.
2. *Wa.* My honeſt friend, what Lady call you this?
Aye. Her name is miſtris *Shoare*, the Kings Beloued,
A ſpeciall friend to Sutors at the Court.
Sho. Her name is miſtris *Shoare*, the Kings Beloued?
Where ſhall I hide my head, or ſtop mine eares,
But like an Owle I ſhall be wondred at?
When ſhe with me was wont to walke the ſtreets,
The people then, as ſhe did paſſe along,

Would

Would ſay, There goes faire, modeſt, miſtris *Shoare*,
When ſhe attended like a Citie Dame,
Was praiſed of Matrons. So that Citizens,
When they would ſpeak of ought vnto their wiues,
Fetcht their example ſtill from miſtris *Shoare*:
But now ſhe goes deckt in her Courtly robes:
This is not ſhe that once in ſeemly blacke,
Was the chaſte, ſober wife of *Mathew Shoare*;
For now ſhe is King *Edwards* Concubine,
Oh great ill title, honorable ſhame!
Her good I had: but, King, her ill is thine,
Once *Shoares* true wife, now *Edwards* Concubine:
Amongſt the reſt ile note her new behauiour.

All this while ſhe ſtands conferring priuately with her Suitors, and looking on their bills.

Aire. Good miſtris *Shoare*, remember my ſonne's life.

Ia. What is thy name?

Aire. My name is *Thomas Aire*.

Ia. There is his Pardon ſigned by the King.

Aire. In ſigne of humble, hearty thankfulneſſe,
Take this in angels twenty pound.
What? thinke ye that I buy and ſell for bribes,
His Highneſſe fauour, or his Subiects blood?
No, without gifts God grant I may doe good:
For all my good cannot redeeme my ill.
Yet to doe good I will endeauour ſtill.

Sho. Yet all this good doth but gild o're thy ill. *aſide.*

Palmer. Miſtris, the reſtitution of my lands,
Taken perforce by his Highneſſe Officers.

Ia. The King is content your goods ſhall be reſtor'd:
But the Officers will hardly yeeld thereto:
Yet be content, ile ſee you haue no wrong.

Sho. Thou canſt not ſay to me ſo: I haue wrong.

Iockie. Miſtris, gude faith, giffe yeel helpe me til my laund, whilke the faulſe loune *Billie Grime* of *Gebdale* hauds wranfully fra me: Iſe white your gudeneſſe with a bonny nag, ſall ſwum away ſo deftly as the winde.

Ia. Your ſute, my friend, requires a longer time,
Yet ſince you dwell ſo farre of, to eaſe your charge,
Your diet with my ſeruants you may take,
And ſome reliefe ile get thee of the King.

Sho. It's cold reliefe thou getſt me from the King.

Iockie. Now Gods bleſſing light on that gudly faire face: iſe be your true beadſman, indeed, ſall I.

Pal. God bleſſe the care you haue of doing good.

Aire. Pittie, ſhe ſhould miſcarry in her life,
That beares ſo ſweet a minde in doing good.

Sho. So ſay I too: ah, *Iane*, this kils my heart,
That thou recks others, and not ru'ſt my ſmart.

Rufford. Miſtris, I feare you haue forgot my ſute.

Ia. Oh, 'tis for a licenſe, to tranſport corne from this land and lead, to forraine Realmes: I had your bill, but I haue torne your bill, and 'twere no ſhame (I thinke) to teare your eares, that care not how ye wound the common-wealth: the poore muſt ſtarue for food to fill your purſe, and the enemie bandie bullets of our lead: no, maſter *Rufford*, ile not ſpeake for you, except it be to haue you puniſhed.

Iock. By the meſſe, a deft laſſe, Chriſt's beniſon light on her.

She ſpies her husband walking aloofe of, and not knowing him, takes him for another Sutor.

Id. Is that another Sutor? I haue no bill of his:
Goe one of you, and know what he would haue.

Sho. Yes, *Iane*, the bill of my obliged faith,
And I had thine, but thou haſt canceld it.

Here ſhe knowes him, and lamenting comes to him.

Ia. Oh God, it is my husband, kinde *Mathew Shoares*.

Sho. Ah, *Iane*, what's he dare ſay he is thy husband?
Thou waſt a wife, but now thou art not ſo,
Thou waſt a maide, a maide when thou waſt wife,
Thou waſt a wife, euen when thou waſt a maide,
So good, ſo modeſt, and ſo chaſte thou waſt:
But now thou art diuorc'd, whiles yet he liues,
That was thy husband, while thou waſt his wife:

Thy

Thy wifehood ſtain'd, by thy diſhonored life,
For now thou art, neither widow, maide, nor wife.

Ia. I muſt confeſſe, I yeelded vp the Forte,
Wherein lay all the riches of my ioy:
But yet, ſweet *Shoare*, before I yeelded it,
I did endure the long'ſt and greateſt ſiege,
That euer battred on poore chaſtitie;
And but to him that did aſſault the ſame,
For euer it had been invincible:
But I will yeeld it backe againe to thee,
He cannot blame me, though it be ſo done,
To looſe by me what firſt by me was wonne.

Sho. No, *Iane*, there is no place allow'd for me,
Where once a King hath tane poſſeſſion:
Meane men brooke not a Riuall in their loue,
Much leſſe, ſo high vnriual'd Maieſtie:
A Concubine to one ſo great as *Edward*,
Is farre to great to be the wife of *Shoare*.

Ia. I will refuſe the pleaſure of the Court:
Let me goe with thee, *Shoare*, though not as wife,
Yet as thy ſlaue, ſince I haue loſt that name:
I will redeeme the wrong that I haue done thee,
With my true ſeruice, if thou wilt accept it.

Sho. Thou goe with me, *Iane*? oh God, forbid,
That I ſhould be a Traytor to my King:
Shall I become a Fellon to his pleaſures,
And fly away as guilty of the theft?
No, my deare *Iane*, I ſay, it may not be,
Oh what haue Subiects that is not their Kings?
Ile not examine his prerogatiue.

Ia. Why then, ſweet *Mist*, let me entreat thee ſtay:
What is't with *Edward* that I cannot doe?
Ile make thee wealthier than e're *Richard* was,
That entertain'd the three great'ſt Kings in Europe,
And feaſted them in *London* on a day:
Aske what thou wilt, were it a million,
That may content thee, thou ſhalt haue it, *Shoare*.

Sho. Indeed this were some comfort to a man,
That tasted want or worldly misery:
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne:
All worldly losses are but toyes to mine,
Oh, all my wealth, the losse of thee was more,
Than euer time or fortune can restore:
Therefore, sweet *Iane*, farewell, once thou wast mine,
Too rich for me, and that King *Edward* knew.
Adiew: oh world, he shall deceiued be,
That puts his trust in women or in thee.

Ia. Ah, *Shoare*, farewell (poore heart) in death ile tell,
I euer lou'd thee, *Shoare*: farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, Lord Maior, Howard, Sellenger, and the traine.

King. Hauing awakt forth of their sleepy dennes
Our drowzie Cannons, which e're long shall charme
The watchfull French, with death's eternall sleepe,
And all things else in readinesse for France:
A while we will giue truce vnto our care,
There is a merry Tanner neere at hand,
With whom we meane to be right merry:
Therefore, Lord Maior, and you, my other friends,
I must intreat you not to knowledge me:
No man stand bare, all as Companions:
Giue me a cloake, that I may be disguis'd:
Tom Sellenger, goe thou and take another.
So, Tanner, now come when you please, we are prouided:
And in good time, see where he comes already.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellenger, goe thou and meet him.

Sel. What? *Iohn Hobs*? welcome ifaith, to Court.

Hob. Gramercies, honest *Tom*: where is the hangman *Ned*? where is that mad rascall? shall I not see him?

Sel. See, heer he stands: that same is he.

Hob. What? *Ned*? a plague found thee: how dost thou for a villaine? how dost thou, mad rogue? and how? and how?

King.

King. In health, *Iohn Hobs*, and very glad to see thee:
But say, what winde droue thee to *London?*

Hob. Ah, *Ned*, I was brought hither with a whirlewinde, man, my sonne, my sonne: did I not tell thee I had a knaue to my sonne?

K. Yes, Tanner, what of him?

Hob. Faith, hee's in Caperdoche, *Ned*, in *Stafford* Gaole, for a robberie, and is like to be hang'd, except thou get the King to be more miserable vnto him.

K. If that be all, Tanner, ile warrant him,
I will procure his Pardon of the King.

Hob. Wilt thou, *Ned:* for those good words, see what my Daughter *Nell* hath sent thee, a Hankercher wrought with as good Couentry silke, blue thread, as euer thou sawest.

K. And I, perhaps, may weare it for her sake,
In better presence than thou art aware of.

Hob. How? *Ned*, a better present? that canst thou not haue for silke, cloth, and worke manship: why, *Nell* made it, man: But, *Ned*, is not the King in this company: what's he in the long beard and the red petticoate? before Cock, I misdoubt, *Ned*, that is the King, I know it by my Lord what yee calles Players.

K. How by them, Tanner?

Hob. Euer when they play an Enterloute or a Commoditie at Tamworth, the King alwaies is in a long beard, and a red gowne like him, therefore I speet him to be the King.

K. No, trust mee, Tanner, this is not the King: but thou shalt see the King before thou goest, and haue a Pardon for thy sonne with thee.
This man is the Lord Maior, Lord Maior of London, here was the Recorder too, but he is gone.

Hobs. What nicknames these Courtnols haue? Mare and Corder quotha? we haue no such at Litchfield, there's the honest Bailiffe and his Brethren, such words gree best with vs.

K. My Lord Maior, I pray you for my sake, to bid this honest Tanner welcome.

Ma. You are welcome, my honest friend:

In

In signe whereof I pray you see my house,
And sup with me this night.

Hob. I thanke you, good goodman Maior: but I care not for no meate, my stomacke is like to a sicke swines, that will neither eate nor drinke, till she know what shall become of her pigge. *Ned* and *Tom*, you promis'd mee a good turne when I came to Court, either doe it now, or goe hang your selues.

King. No sooner comes the King, but I will doe it.

Sel. I warrant thee, Tanner, feare not thy sonne's life.

Hob. Nay, I feare not his life, I feare his death.

Enter Master of Saint Katherines and Widow Norton.

Mast. All health and happinesse to my Soueraigne.

King. The Master of Saint Katherines hath mard all.

Hob. Out, alas, that euer I was borne.

The Tanner falls in a swound, they labour to reuiue him, meane while the King puts on his royall robes.

K. Looke to the Tanner there, he takes no harme, I would not haue him (for my crowne) miscarry.

Wid. Let me come to him by my Kings good leaue: Here's ginger, honest man, bite it.

Hob. Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs date: I am but a dead man: ah, my Liege, that you should deale so with a poore, well-meaning man: but it makes no matter, I can but dye.

K. But when, Tanner, canst thou tell?

Hob. Nay, euen when you please: for I haue so defended ye, by calling ye plaine *Ned*, mad rogue and rascall, that (I know) youle haue me hang'd: therefore make no more ado, but send me downe to Stafford, and there a Cockes name hang mee with my sonne. And here's another as honest as your selfe, you made me call him plaine *Tom*: I warrant, his name

name is *Thomas*, and some [illegible] of worship too, therefore let's to it, euen when and where you will.

K. Tanner attend: not only doe we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee,
And thy sonne's trespasse doe we pardon too.
O're, goe and see that forthwith it be drawne,
Vnder our seale of *England* as it ought,
And forty pounds we giue thee to defray
Thy charges in thy comming vp to London:
Now Tanner, what saist thou to vs?

Hob. Marry, you speake like an honest man, if you meane as you say.

K. We meane it Tanner, on our royall word.
Now master of S. Katherines, what would you?

Mast. My gracious Lord, the great beneuolence,
(Though small, so that your Subiects could afford)
Of poore S. Katherines doe I bring your Grace:
Fiue hundred pounds heer hane they sent by me:
For the easier portage, all in angell gold.
What this good widow mistris *Norton* will,
She comes her selfe, and brings her gift with her.

Wid. Pardon me gracious Lord: presumption,
Nor ouerweening in mine owne conceit,
Makes me thus bold to come before your Grace,
But loue and duty to your Maiesty,
And great desire to see my Lord the King:
Our master heer spake of beneuolence,
And said my twenty nobles was inough,
I thought not so, but at your Highnesse sorte,
A widowes mite, a token of her zeale,
In humble duty giues you twenty pound.

K. Now by my crowne, a gallant lusty girle:
Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,
This womans liberality [illegible]
Is thy mama *Norton*?

Wid. I, my gracious Liege.

Sing. How long hast thou been a Widow?

Wid. It is, my Lord,
Since I did [illegible] my good man,
At Shrouttide ne[illegible] [illegible]

K. In all which space, can [illegible] not find a man,
On whom thou might [illegible] [illegible] against?

Wid. Not any like my [illegible], whose [illegible],
I know is matchlesse [illegible] respect of whom,
I thinke not any worthy of a kisse.

K. No widow, that Ile try: how like you this?

He kisseth her.

Wid. Beshrew my heart, it was a hony kisse,
Able to make an aged woman young:
And for the same, most sweet and lovely Prince,
See what the Widow gives you from her store,
Forty old angels for one kisse more.

K. Marrie widow thou shalt haue it:
Iohn Hobs, thou art a Widower,
Lack'st thou such a wife?

Hobs. Snailes, twenty pound a kisse? had shee as manie twentie pound bags, as I haue knobs of barke in my tan-fatte shee might kisse them away in a quarter of a yeare. Ils on Saint Katherines Widowes, if kisses be so deare.

Widow. Clubs, and clouted shooes, ther's none enamour'd here.

K. Lord Maior, we thanke you, and entreat withall,
To recommend vs to our Citizens:
We must for *France*, we bid you all farewell,
Come, Tanner, thou shalt goe with vs to Court,
To morrow you shall dine with my Lord Maior,
And afterward set [illegible] when you please:
God, and our right, that only [illegible]
Adiew, pray that our toile [illegible] prosperous.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Second part of King *Edward* the Fourth: Containing his Journey into *France*, for the obtaining of his right there; The treacherous falshood of the Duke of *Burgundie*, and the Constable of *France* vsed against him, and his returne home againe. Likewise, the prosecution of the history of *M. Shoore* and his faire wife: Concluding with the lamentable death of them both.

Enter King Edward, Sellinger, and Souldiers marching.

Edward.

IS this the aide our Cousin *Burgundy*,
And the great Constable of *France* assured us?
Haue we marched thus farre through the heart of *France*,
And with the terror of our English drums
Rouz'd the poor trembling *French*, which leaue their towns,
That now the Wolues affrighted from the fields,
Doe get their prey, and [illegible] in their [illegible]
Our thundring Canons now this fortnight [illegible],
Like common Bell-men [illegible]
Haue cried the Constable and Burgundy:
But yet I see they come not to our aide,
Weel bring them in, or [illegible]
Weel search the [illegible]

Since you have brought me hither, I will make,
The prowdest Power that stands in Nuse to quake:
I marueile *Scales* returnes not, for by him
I doe expect to heare their resolutions,

Enter the Lord Scales.

Hen. My Soueraigne, he is happily return'd.

Ed. Wellcome my Lord, wellcome good Cousin *Scales*:
What newes from *Burgundy*? what is his answer?
What, comes he to our succour as he promised?

Scal. Not by his good will, for ought that I can see
He lingers still in his long siege at Nuse:
I vrg'd his promise and your expectation,
Euen to the force and compasse of my spirit,
I cheer'd my firme perswasions with your hopes,
And gilded them with my best Oratorie,
I fram'd my speech still fitly, as I found
The temper of his humor to be wrought vpon:
But still I found him earthly, vnresolu'd,
Muddy, and (methought) euer through his eyes,
Mue his wauering and vnsetled spirit,
And to be short, subtile and treacherous,
And one that doth entend no good to you:
And he will come, and yet he wanteth power,
He would faine come, but may not leaue the siege,
He hopes he shall, but yet he knowes not when,
He purposed, but some impediments
Haue hindred his determined intent:
Briefly, I thinke he will not come at all.

Ed. But is he like to take the towne of Nuse?

Sca. My Lord, the towne is liker to take him,
That if he chance to come to you at all,
'Tis but for succour.

Ed. But what saies Count S. *Paul*?

Sca. My Lord he lies and smells at S. *Quintins*,
And laughs at *Edwards* comming into *France*,
There dominering with his [illegible]
He has [illegible] vp, and in their [illegible] iesse,

Tell how like cognes we lye hear in the field:
Then comes a slaue, one of these drunken sots,
In with a Tauerne reckoning for a Supplication,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A drawers apron for a Herauldsconte;
And tels the Count, the King of *England* craues,
One of his worthy honors dog-kennels,
To be his lodging for a day or two,
With some such other Tauerne foolerie:
With that this filthy rascall greasie rout,
Burst out in laughter at this worthy iest,
Neighing like horses: thus the Count S. *Paul*
Regards his promise to your Maiestie.

Ed. Will no man thrust the slaue into a Sack-but?

Sol. Now by this light, were I but neer the slaue
With a blacke iacke, I would beate out his braines.

How. If it please your Highnesse but to say the word,
Weel plucke him out of *Quintins* by the eares.

Ed. No Cousin *Howard*, weel reserue our valour
For better purpose, since they both refuse vs.
Our selues will be vnriuald in our honor:
Now our first cast my Lord is at maine *France*,
Whilst yet our army is in health and strong:
And haue we once but broke into that warre,
I will not leaue S. *Paul* nor *Burgundie*,
Not a bare Pigscoate to shroud them in.
Herauld.

Her. My Soueraigne.

Ed. Goe Herauld, and to *Lewis* the french King
Denounce sterne warre, and tell him I am come,
To take possession of my Realme of *France*,
Defie him boldly from vs, hazby voice
As fierce as thunder, to affright his soule:
Herauld be gone, I say, and be thy breath
Piercing as lightning, and thy words as death.

Her. I goe my Liege, resolu'd to your high will. *Exit.*

Ed. Sound drum, I say, set forward with our power.

And *France*, e're long [illegible] a dreadfull [illegible]
I will not take the English [illegible],
Till thou empalemy [illegible] with thy Crowne,

Enter Lewes the French King, Barbon, and S. Pier, with the Herauld of England.

K. *Lewes*. Herauld of *England*, we are pleas'd to heare,
What message thou hast brought vs from thy King:
Prepare thy selfe, and be aduis'd in speech.

Eng. Herauld. Right gracious, and most Christian King of *France*,
I come not to thy presence vnprepar'd,
To doe the message of my Royall Liege,
Edward the Fourth, of *England* and of *France*
The lawfull King, and Lord of *Ireland*,
Whose puissant magnanimous breast incens'd
Through manifest notorious iniuries,
Offred by thee King *Lewes*, and thy *French*,
Against his title to the Crowne of *France*,
And right in all these Dukedomes following,
Aquitaine, Anjou, Guyon, Aquilosine
Breathes forth by me, the Organ of his speech,
Hostile defiance to thy Realme and thee:
And trampling now vpon the face of *France*,
With barbed Horse, and vallant armed Foote,
Himselfe the Leader of those martiall troupes,
Bids the to battell, where and when thou darst,
Except thou make such restitution,
And yearely tribute on good Hostages,
As may content his inst[illegible] wrath:
And to this message answer I expect.

Lew. Right peremptorie is this Embassage,
And were my Royall Brother of *England* pleas'd,
To entertaine those kinde affections,
Wherewith we doe embrace this amity,
Needlesse were all these thunder-threatning words:

Let Heauen (where all our thoughts are registred)
Beare record, with what deep desire of peace,
We shall subscribe to such conditions,
As equity for *England* shall propound.
If *Edward* haue sustained wrong in *France*,
Lewes was neuer author of that wrong,
Yet faultlesse we will make due recompence:
We are assur'd that his Maiestick thoughts,
In his mild spirit did neuer meane these wartes,
Till *Charles Burgundie*, once our fawning friend,
But now our open foe, and Count S. *Paul*,
Our Subiect once and Constable of *France*,
But now a Traitor to our Realme and vs;
Were motiues to incite him vnto armes,
Which hauing done, will leaue him on my life.

Her. The King my master recks not *Burgundie*,
And scornes S. *Paul* that treacherous Constable,
His puissance is sufficient in it selfe,
To conquer *France* like his Progenitors.

K L. He shall not need to waste by force of warre,
Where peace shall yeeld him more than he can winne:
We couet peace, and we will purchase it,
At any rate that reason can demand:
And it is better *England* toine in league
With vs his strong old open-enemy,
Than with those weake and new dissembling friends.
We doe secure vs from our open foes,
But trust in friends (though faithlesse) we repose:
My Lord S. *Pier*, and Cousin *Burlow* speake,
What censure you of *Burgundie* and S. *Paul*?

S. Pi. Dread Lord, it is well known that *Burgundie*,
Made shew of tender seruice to your Maiestie,
Till by the engine of his flatteries,
He made a breach into your Highnesse loue,
Where entred once, and thereof full possest,
He so abus'd that Royall excellence,
By getting footing into many Townes,

Cassies,

Castles, and Forts belonging to your Crowne,
That now he holds them 'gainst your Realme and you.

Bur. And Count S. *Paul* the Constable of *France*,
Ambitious in that high authority,
Vsurps the Lands and Seigneuries of those
That are true Subiects, noble Peers of *France*:
Your boundlesse fauours did him first suborne
And now to be your Liegeman he thinkes scorne.

Lew. By this, coniecture the vnsteady course
Thy royall Master vndertakes in *France*,
And Herauld, intimate what feruent zeale,
We haue to league with *Edward* and his English:
Three hundreth crownes we giue thee for reward,
And of rich crimson veluet thirty yardes,
In hope thou wilt vnto thy Soueraigne tell,
We shew thee not one discontented looke,
Nor render him one misbeholden word:
But his defiance and his dare to warre
We swallow with the supple oile of peace,
Which gentle Herauld if thou canst procure,
A thousand crownes shall iustly guerdon thee.

Her. So please it your most sacred Maiestie,
To send vnto my gracious Soueraigne,
Equall conditions for the bonds of peace,
And restitution of his iniuries,
His tempre is not of obdurate malice,
But sweet relenting princely clemencie:
Performe your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fit messenger,
And I will vndertake to worke your peace.

Lew. By the true honor of a Christian King,
Effect our peace and thou shalt haue our crownes,
And we will poste a Herauld after thee,
That shall confirme thy speech and our designes:
Goe *Magnanime*, sat to this Herauld given
The veluet, and three hundreth crownes propos'd:
Farewell good friend, remember our request,

And

And kindly commend vs to King *Edward*.

Exeunt English Herauld and Mugeroune.

How thinke ye Lords, is't not more requisite
To make our peace, than warre with *Englands* power?

Bur. Yes gracious Lord, the wounds are bleeding yet,
That *Talbot*, *Bedford*, and King *Henry* made,
Which peace must cure, or *France* shall languish still.

S. Bur. Besides my liege, by these intestine foes,
The Constable and treacherous *Burgundy*,
The State's in danger of the English sword.

Enter Mugeroune.

K. Lew. 'Tis perilous and full of doubt my Lords,
We must haue peace with *England* euery way.
Who shall be Herauld in these high affaires?

Bur. No better man than Monsieur *Mugeroune*,
Whose wit is sharpe, whose eloquence is sound,
His presence gracious, and his courage good;
A Gentleman, a Sholler, and a Souldiour,
A compleat man for such an Embassie:
Art thou content to be emploid *Mugeroune*,
In this negotiation to King *Edward*?

Mug. If your most sacred Maiesty command,
Your humble vassall *Mugeroune* shall goe.

K. Lew. Gramercies *Mugeroune*: but thou must assume
A Heraulds habit and his office both,
To plead our loue, and to procure vs peace
With English *Edward*, for the good of *France*.

Mug. I know the matter and the forme my Lord:
Giue me my *Heraulds* coate, and I am gone.

K. Lew. Thou art a man compos'd for businesse,
Attend on vs for thy instructions,
And other fit supplies for these affaires,
And for thy diligence expect reward.

Exeunt.

Enter seuerall waies Burgundy and the Constable of France.

Con. Whither away so fast goes *Burgundy*?

Bur. Nay, rather whither goes the Constable?
Con. Why, to King *Edward* (man) is he not come?
Meanst thou not likewise to goe visit him?
Bur. Oh excellent, I know that in thy soule,
Thou knowest that I doe purpose nothing lesse:
Nay, I doe know, for all thy outward shew,
Thou hast no meaning once to looke on him:
Brother dissembler, leaue this colouring,
With him that meanes as falsely as thy selfe.
Con. I but thou know'st that *Edward* on our letters,
And hoping our assistance when he came,
Did make this purpos'd voyage into *France*;
And with his Forces is he heer arriu'd,
Trusting that we will keep our word with him:
Now though we meane it not, yet set a face
Vpon the matter, as though we intended
To keep our word with him effectually.
Bur. And for my better countenance in this case,
My lingring siege at *Nuse* will serue the turne:
There will I spend the time, to disappoint
King *Edwards* hope of my conioyning with him.
Con. And I will keep me still heer in S. *Quintins*,
Pretending mighty matters for his aide,
But not performing any on my word,
The rather *Burgundie*, because I aime
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,
If all hit right to expectation:
In the meane space like a good crafty knaue,
That hugs the man he wisheth hang'd in heart,
Keep I faire weather still with *Burgundy*,
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.
Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.
Bur. Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy,
Are you so crafty Constable? proceed, proceed,
You quick sharpe sighted man, imagine me
Blinde, witlesse, and a silly idiot,
That prie not into all your policies.

All this aside.

Who

Who I? no, God doth know, my ſimple wit
Can neuer ſound the depth of ſuch reach,
As in our cunning Conſtable of *France*:
Perſwade thy ſelfe ſo ſtill, and when time ſerues,
And that thou art in moſt extremitie,
Needing my helpe, then take thou heed of me:
In meane while Sir, you are the only man
That hath my heart: hath? I, and great reaſon too.
Thus it beſits men of deep reach to doe.
Well Conſtable, youle back againe to *Nuſe*,
And not aide Engliſh *Edward*.
Con. What elſe man?
And Keep thee in S. *Quintins*, ſo ſhall we
Smile at King *Edwards* weak capacitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, with Burgundy, Howard, Sellenger and Scales.

K. Ed. Tell not me *Burgundy*, 'tis I am wrong'd,
And you haue dealt like a diſloyall Knight.
Bur. Edward of *England*, theſe are vnkingly words.
King. He that will doe (my Lord) what he ſhould not,
Muſt and ſhall heare of me what he would not:
I ſay againe, you haue deluded me.
Bur. Am I not come according to my word?
K. No, *Charles* of *Burgundy*, thy word was giuen
To meet me in Aprill, now 'tis Auguſt,
The place appointed *Calice*, not *Lorraine*,
And thy approach to be with martiall troupes:
But thou art come, not hauing in thy traine,
So much as Page or Lackie to attend thee,
As who ſhould ſay, thy preſence were munition,
And ſtrength enough to anſwer our expect:
Summer is almoſt ſpent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.
Bur. My Forces lay before the citie *Nuſe*,
From which I could not riſe but with diſhonor,
Vnleſſe vpon ſome compoſition had.
K. Ed. There was no ſuch exception in your letters.

Why smiles Lord *Scales*?

Sca. My mate reports my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made
Was meer compulsion: for the Citizens
Draue him from thence perforce.

K.Ed. I thought so much.
We should not yet haue seen your Excellence,
But that your heeles were better than your hands.

Bur. Lord *Scales*, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

K.Ed. Letting that passe, it shall be seen my Lord,
That we are able of our selues to claime
Our right in *France*, without or your assistance,
Or any others, but the helpe of Heauen.

Bur. I make no question of it: yet the Constable,
Prest with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excus'd vs both if he had pleas'd.

K.Ed. Accuse him not: your Cities as we came,
Were euen as much to be condemn'd as his,
They gaue vs leaue to lye within the field,
And scarcely would afford vs meat for mony:
This was small friendship, in respect of that
You had ingag'd your honor to performe.
But march we forward as we were determined,
This is S. *Quintins*, where you say my Lord,
The Constable is ready to receiue vs.

Bur. So much he signified to me by letter.

K.Ed. Well, we shall see his entertainement: forward.

As they march vpon the stage, the Lord Scales is struck downe, and two Souldiers slaine outright, with great shot from the Towne.

Fly to our maine battell: bid them stand,
There's treason plotted: speake to me Lord *Scales*,
Or if there be no power of life remaining
To vtter thy hearts grieuance, make a signe.
Two of our common Souldiers slaine beside!
This is hard welcome: but it was not you

As

At whom the fatall Engiuer did aime,
My breſt the leuell was, though you the marke:
In which conſpiracie, anſwer me Duke,
Is not thy ſoule as guilty as the Earles?

Bur. Periſh my ſoule King *Edward*, if I knew
Of any ſuch intention: yet I did, and grieue that it hath ſped no otherwiſe. *aſide.*

K. Ed. Howard, and *Sellenger*.

Burgundie ſtoales away.

What is there hope of life in none of them?

How. The Souldiers are both ſlaine outright my Lord,
But the Lord *Scales* a little is recouered.

K. Ed. Conuay his body to our Pauillion,
And let our Surgeons vſe all diligence
They can deuiſe for ſafegard of his life,
Whil'ſt we with all extremity of warre
Goe plague S. *Quintins*: *Howard* fetch on our powers,
We will not ſtirre a foote, till we haue ſhowne
Iuſt vengeance on the Conſtable of *France*.
Oh Cocke, to wooe vs firſt to paſſe the Sea,
And at our comming thus to halt with vs,
I thinke the like thereof was neuer ſeen.
But where's the Duke?

Sel. Gone it ſeemes my Lord,
Stept ſecretly away, as one that knew
His conſcience would accuſe him if he ſtai'd.

K. Ed. A paire of moſt diſſembling hypocrites,
Is he and this baſe Earle, on whom I vow,
Leauing King *Lewes* vnpreiudic'd in peace,
To ſpend the whole meaſure of my kindled rage:
Their ſtreets ſhall ſweate with their effuſed blood,
And this bright Sunne be darkned with the ſmoake
Of ſmouldring cinders, when their Citie lies
Buried in aſhes of reuengefull fire:
On whoſe pale ſuperficies in the ſtead
Of Parchment, with my Launce Ile draw thoſe lines,
Edward of England left this memory.

In iuſt reuenge of hatefull treacherie.

Enter Howard againe.

Lord *Howard*, haue you done as I commanded?

How. Our battailes are diſpos'd, and on the brow
Of euery inferior Scruitor (my Lord)
You might behold deſtruction figured,
Greedily thirſting to begin the fight:
But when no longer they might be reſtrain'd,
And that the Drumme and Trumpet both began
To ſound warres cheerfull harmony: behold,
A flag of Truce vpon the walles was hang'd,
And forth the gates did iſſue meekly pac'd,
Three men, whereof the Conſtable is one,
The other two, the Gunner and his Mate,
By whoſe groſſe ouer-ſight (as they report)
This ſudden chance vnwittingly befell.

K. Ed. Bring forth the Conſtable and the other two,
See them ſafe guarded till you know our pleaſure.

Enter the Conſtable and Howard.

Now my Lord *Howard*, how is't with *Seales*?

How. Well my dread Soueraigne, now his wound is dreſt,
And by the opinion of the Surgeons,
It's thought he ſhall not periſh by this hurt.

K. Ed. I am the gladder: but vnfaithfull Earle,
I doe not ſee how yet I can diſpence
With thy ſubmiſſion, this was not the welcome,
Your letters ſent to *England*, promis'd me.

Con. Right high and mighty Prince, condemne me not
That am as innocent in this offence,
As any Souldier in the Engliſh armie;
The fault is in our Gunners ignorance,
Who taking you for *Lewis* King of *France*,
That likewiſe is within the cities kenne,
Made that vnluckie ſhot to beate him backe,
And not of malice to your Maieſty:
To knowledge which, I brought them with my ſelfe,
And thirty thouſand crownes within my purſe.

Sent

Sent by the Burgers to redeeme your lacke.

K. Ed. Conſtable of *France*, we will not ſell a drop
Of Engliſh blood, for all the gold in *France*:
But in ſo much two of our men be ſlaine,
To quit their deaths, thoſe two that came with thee
Shall both be cram'd into a Canons mouth,
And ſo be ſhot into the Towne againe:
It is not like but that they knew our coloure,
And of ſet purpoſe did this villanie.
Nor can I be perſwaded thorowly,
But that our perſon was the marke they aimed at:
Yet are we well contented to hold you excus'd,
Marry, our Souldiers muſt be ſatisfied,
And therefore firſt ſhall be diſtributed
Theſe crownes amongſt them, then ſhall you returne,
And of your beſt prouiſion ſend to vs
Thirty waine loade, beſides twelue tunne of wine:
This if the Burgers will ſubſcribe vnto,
Their peace is made, otherwiſe I will proclaime,
Free liberty for all to take the ſpoile.

Con. Your Highneſſe ſhall be anſwered preſently,
And I will ſee theſe articles performed.

K. Ed. Yet one thing more; I will that you my Lord,
Together with the Duke of *Burgundie*,
Doe ere to morrow noone bring all your Force,
And ioine with ours, or elſe we doe recant,
And theſe conditions ſhall be fruſtrate.

Con. Mine are at hand my Lord, and I will write,
The Duke may likewiſe be in readineſſe.

K. Ed. Let him haue ſafe conduct through our army:
And 'gainſt the morning euery Leader ſee
His troupes be furniſht: for no longer time,
Cocke willing, ſhall the triall be deferred
Twixt *Lewes* and vs. What echoing ſound is this?

Sol. A Gentleman from the King of *France* my Lord,
Craues parlance with your Excellence.

K. Ed. A Gentleman? bring him in.

What

What newes a Cockes name from our brother *Lewes*?

Enter Mugeroune.

Mug. Most puissant and most honorable King,
My royall Master, *Lewes* the King of *France*,
Doth greet your Highnesse with vnfained loue,
Wishing your health, prosperity and rule,
And thus he saies by me. When was it seen
That euer *Lewes* pretended hurt to *England*,
Either by close Conspirators sent ouer
To vndermine your State, or openly
By taking armes, with purpose to inuade?
Nay, when was it, that *Lewes* was euer heard
So much as to detract from *Edwards* name?
But still hath done him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts,
Of Wisedome, Valour and Heroicke birth:
Whence is it then that *Edward* threatens'd,
To render hate for loue, for amity fierce warre?
Not of himselfe we know: but by the meanes
Of some infectious Counsell, that like mud
Would spoile the pure temper of his noble minde.
It is the Duke and that pernicious Rebell,
Earle of S. *Paul*, haue set abroach these warres,
Who of themselues vnable to proceed,
Would make your Grace the instrument of wrong:
And when you haue done what you can for them,
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and dissembled with.
But if it might seem gracious in your eye,
To cast off these despis'd Confederates,
(Vnfit companions for so great a Prince)
And ioine in league with *Lewes* my royall Master;
Him shall you finde as willing as of power,
To doe your Grace all offices of loue:
And what commoditie may spring thereby,
To both the Realms, your Grace is wise enough,
Without my rude suggestions to imagine.

Besides

Besides, much bloodshed for this present time
Will be prevented, when two such personages
Shall meet together to shake hands in peace,
And not with shock of Launce and Curtleaxe,
That *Lewes* is willing, I am his substitute,
And he himselfe in person if you please,
Not farre from hence, will signifie as much.
K.Ed. Sir withdraw, and giue vs leaue awhile
To take aduisement of our Counsellors.
What say ye Lords vnto this proffered truce?
How. In my conceit, let it not be slipt my Lord.
Sel. Wilt not be dishonor, having landed
So great an army in these parts of *France*,
And not to fight before we doe returne?
How. How can it when the enemie submits,
And of himselfe makes tender of allegiance?
Sel. I, that's the question whether he will yeeld,
And doe King *Edward* fealty or no.
Ed. What talke ye Lords? he shall subscribe to that,
Or no condition ile accept at all.
How. Let him be bound my Lord, to pay your Grace,
Toward your expences, since your comming ouer,
Seuenty fiue thousand crownes of the Sunne,
And yearely after fifty thousand more
During your life, with homage therewithall,
That he doth hold his Royalty from you,
And take his offer, 'twill not be amisse.
Ed. It shall be so, draw you the Articles:
And *Sellenger* call forth the messenger,
Bring with thee too a Cup of massie gold,
And bid the bearer of our priuy Purse
Inclose therein a hundred English Ryals.
Friend, we doe accept thy Masters league,
With no lesse firme affection then he craues;
If he will meet vs here betwixt out Tents,
It shall on both sides be confirm'd by oath:
On this condition, that he will subscribe,

To certaine Articles shall be propos'd,
And so thou hast thy answer to requite
Thy paines herein, we giue to thee this Cup.
Her. Health and increase of honor waite on *Edward*.
Ed. Lord *Howard*, bring the Frenchman on his way.
King *Lewes* is one that neuer was precise:
But now Lord *Howard* and *Tom Sellenger*,
There is a taske remaines for you to doe,
And that is this. You two shall be disguis'd,
And one of you repaire to *Burgundy*,
The other to the Constable of *France*;
Where you shall learne in secret if you can,
If they intend to meet vs here to morrow,
Or how they take this our accord with *France*:
Somewhat it giues me, you will bring from thence
Worthy the noting; will you vndertake it?
Sel. With all my heart my L. I am for *Burgundy*.
How. And I am for the Constable of *France*. *Exeunt.*
Ed. Make speed againe: what newes?
Mes. The King of *France* my Lord, attended royally,
Is marching hitherward to meet your Grace.
Ed. He shall be welcome: hast thou drawne the Articles?
Mes. Yes, my dread Soueraigne.
Ed. Goe, call forth our traine,
We may receiue him with like Maiestie.

Enter certaine Noblemen and Souldiers with a Drumme, they march about the stage, then enter King Lewes, and his traine, and meete with King Edward. The Kings embrace.

K. Lew. My princely Brother, we are grieued much,
To thinke you haue been at so great a charge
And toil'd your Royall selfe so farre from home,
Vpon the inconstant promise of those men,
That both dissemble with your Grace and me.
K. Ed. Brother of *France*, you might condemne vs rightly,
Not only of great wrongs and toiles sustain'd,

But of exceeding folly, if incited,
We had presum'd to enter these Dominions,
Vpon no other reason than the word
And weake assistance of the Earle S. *Paul*,
Or *Burgundies* perswasion: 'tis our right
That wings the body of compoled warre.
And though we listned to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapt the course of our affaires,
As of our selues we might be able found,
Without the trusting to a broken-staffe.

K. Lew. I know your Maiesty had more discretion:
But this is not the occasion of our meeting.
If you be pleas'd to entertaine a peace,
(My kingly Brother) in the sight of these,
And of the all-discouering eye of Heauen,
Let vs embrace: for as my life I sweare,
I tender *England* and your Happinesse.

K. Ed. The like doe I by you and warlike *France*:
But princely Brother, ere this knot be knit,
There are some few conditions to be sign'd,
That done, I am as ready as your selfe.

K. Lew. Faire Brother, let vs heare them what they be.

K. Ed. Herauld, repeat the Articles.

Her. First, it is couenanted that *Lewis* King of *France*, according to the customs of his Predecessors, shall doe homage to King *Edward* King of *England*, as his Soueraigne and true Heire to all the Dominions of *France*.

Bur. How, as his Soueraigne? that were to depose
And quite bereaue him of his Diademe.
Will kingly *Lewis* stoop to such a vassallage?

K. Ed. Burbon, and if he will not let him choose.

K. Lew. Brother haue patience, *Burbon* seale your lips,
And interrupt not these high consequents.
Forward Herauld, what else is demanded?

Her. Secondly, it is couenanted that *Lewis* King of *France*, shall pay vnto *Edward* King of *England* annually vpon the agreement betwixt their Maiesties, seuenty fiue thousand

crownes of the Sunne, toward the charge King *Edward* hath
been at, since his arriuall in these parts of *France*.

Bur. Mort dieu. Heel neither leaue him Crowne nor coine.

K.L. Burbon I say, be silent: Herauld reade on.

Her. Thirdly and lastly, it is couenanted, that ouer and be-
side those seuenty fiue thousand crownes of the Sunne now
presently to be pai'd, *Lewes* King of *France* shall yearely here-
after, during the life of *Edward* King of *England*, pay fifty thou-
sand crownes more without fraude or guile, to bee tendred
at his Maiesties Castle, commonly called the Tower of
London.

Bur. Nay, binde him that he bring his Lordship a couple of
Capons too euery yeare beside.
Here is a peace indeed, farre worse than warre.

K.Ed. Brother of *France*, are you resolu'd to doe
According as you heare the Couenants drawne?

K.L. Brother of *England*, mount your royall Throne:
For Subiects weale and glory of my God,
And to deale iustly with the world beside,
Knowing your title to be lineall
From the great *Edward*, of that name the third,
Your Predecessor: thus I doe resigne,
Giuing my Crowne and Scepter to your hand,
As an obedient Liegeman to your Grace.

K.Ed. The same I doe deliuer backe againe,
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other Couenants.

K.L. Those my Lord,
Shall likewise be perform'd with expedition
And euer after as you haue prescrib'd,
The yearely pension shall be truly pai'd.

Her. Sweare on this booke King *Lewes*, so helpe you God,
You meane no otherwise then you haue said.

K.L. So helpe me, Cocke, as I dissemble not.

K.Ed. And so helpe me as I intend to keep
Vnfained league and truce with noble *France*,
And kingly Brother, now to consummate

This.

This happy daies feast in our royall Tent,
English and *French* are one, so it is meant. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Burgundy chasing, with him Sellenger disguised like a Souldiour: at another the Constable of France, with him Howard in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded sai'st thou? is't not so?
Sel. My Lord, I doe assure you it is so.
Con. And thou affirm'st the like, say, dost thou not?
How. I doe my Lord, and that for certainty.
Bur. I haue found it now: the villaine Constable
Hath secretly with *Edward* thus compact,
To ioine our King and him in amity.
And thereby doubtlesse, got into his hands
Such Lands and Dukedomes as I aimed at,
And leaues me disappointed in my hope:
A plague vpon such crafty cousening, *aside.*
Now shall I be a marke for them to aime at,
And that vile slaue to triumph at my foile.
Con. 'Tis so: for it can be no otherwise,
Burgundy hath been priuy to this plot,
Conspir'd with *Lewes* and the English King
To saue his owne stake, and assure himselfe
Of all those Seigneuries I hoped for,
And thereupon this close peace is contriu'd:
Now must the Constable be as a Butte,
For all their bullets to be leuel'd at.
Hell and hot vengeance light on *Burgundy*,
For this his subtile secret villany.
Bur. Well good fellow, for thy paines take that,
Leaue me alone: for I am much displeas'd. *to Sel.*
Con. And get thee gone my friend, ther's for thy paines,
So leaue me to my selfe. *to How.*
Sel. Fare ye well sir, I hope I haue peppered ye.
How. And so I thinke haue I my Constable.

Exeunt Sellenger and Howard.

Bur. Now Constable, hist peace, this peace,
What think'st you of it now?

Con. Nay, rather what thinkes *Burgundy?*

Bur. I thinke, he that did counterfeit the dumbe
Was little lesse than a dissembling villaine.

Con. Dog, bite thy selfe: come on, come on,
Haue you not plai'd Iohn for the King
To saue your selfe Sir?

Bur. I, art thou good at that?
Adiew Sir, I may chance to hit you yet. *Exit.*

Con. You may Sir: I perhaps may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nose to bore ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, King Lewis, Howard, Sellenger and the traine.

K. Ed. So *Sellenger*, we then perceiue by thee
The Duke is passing angry at our league.

Sel. I my dread Lord, beyond comparison,
Like a mad dog snatching at euery one
That passeth by: shall I but shew you how,
And act the manner of his tragick furie?

K. No, stay a while: me thought I heard thee say,
They meane to greet vs by their messengers.

Sel. They did my Lord.

K. What, and the Constable too?

How. My Soueraigne, yes.

K. But how tooke he the newes?

How. Faith, euen as discontented as might be:
But being a more deepe melancholike,
And sullener of temper than the Duke,
He chawes his malice, fumes and froths at mouth,
Vttering but little more, than what we gather
By his disturbed lookes and riueld front,
Sauing that now and then his boiling passion
Damm'd vp as in a fornace, finding vent,
Breaks through his seuer'd lips into short puffes,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothlesse Monke when he is at mattens.

King.

King. Oh! it was sport alone to note their carriage.
Sel. Sport? my Lord will you heare me speake.
And if I doe not weary you with laughter,
Ne're trust *Tom Sellenger* more vpon his word.
Sound a trumpet.
K. I pray thee peace: by this it should appeare
One of their messengers is come, goe see.
Vpon my life, we shall haue some deuise
Of new dissimulation: how now *Tom?*
Sel. 'Tis as your Highnesse did suppose my Lord,
Here is a messenger from *Burgundy.*
K. Excellent good, admit him presently:
And Brother of *France*, let me entreat your Grace
To stand aside a little in my Tent,
Lest finding vs together, he refraine
To tell the message he is sent about.
So sure I am perswaded, we shall finde
Some notable peece of knauerie set afoote.
K.L. With all my heart: vrge him, speake lowd enough.
That I, my Lord, may vnderstand him too. *Exit.*
Enter the Lord of Conte.
K.Ed. Feare not, I haue the method in my minde:
What, is it you my Lord of Conte? welcome,
How doth the valiant Duke? in health I hope.
Con. In health (my Lord) of body though in minde
Somewhat distempered, that your Grace hath ioin'd
In league with his professed enemie.
K.Ed. How say you that my Lord? pray you speake out:
For I of late by reason of a cold,
Am somewhat thicke of hearing.
Con. Thus my Lord:
Your Grace demanded if the Duke were well,
I answer you, he is in health of body,
Though inwardly in minde somewhat perplext,
That you without his knowledge haue tane truce
With childish *Lewis*, heartlesse King of *France.*
K.Ed. With whom I pray thee? a little lowder Sir.

Con.

Con. With childish *Lewes* that heartlesse King of *Frdnce?*

K.Ed. I now doe vnderstand you, is it that
He takes vnkindly? why, if he had come
With his expected Forces as he promist,
I had been still vncapable of peace:
But he deceiuing me, the fault was his.

Con. No my good Lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewd pernicious counterfait,
That crafty Foxe the Constable of *France*:
Who counseld him to keep him at his siege,
Saying, it would be more dishonorable
To rise from thence, than any way profitable
To meet your Maiesty: beside my Lord,
It hath been proued since, how much the Constable
Hates your proceedings, by that wilfull shot
Was made against you from S. *Quintins* walles,
Which though he seem'd to colour with faire speech,
The truth is, they did leuell at your selfe,
And grieued when they heard you were not slaine.

K.Ed. May I be so bold to credit your report?

Con. The Duke vpon his honor bad me say
That it was true, and therewithall, quoth he,
Tell noble *Edward*, if he will recant
And fall from *Lewes* againe, knowing it is
More for his dignity to be sole King,
And conquer *France* as did his Ancestors,
Than take a fee and so be satisfied,
That I am ready with twelue thousand souldiers
All well appointed, and not only will
Deliuer him the Constable of *France*,
(That he may punish him as he sees good)
But seate him in the Throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

K.Ed. Speake that againe, I heard not your last words.

Con. But seate you in the Throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

K.Ed. I thanke his Honour for his good regard:

Pleaseth

Pleaſeth you ſtay till we haue pau'd vpon it,
And you ſhall haue our anſwer to the Duke:
Tom Sellenger receiue him to your Tent,
And let him taſte a cup of Orleance wine.
Now my Kingly Brother, haue you heard this newes?

K.L. So plainely my Lord, that I ſcarce held my ſelfe
From ſtepping forth, hearing my royall name
So much prophan'd and ſlubber'd as it was:
But I do weigh the perſon like himſelfe,
From whence it came, a ſlie diſſembler,
And ſpight my anger I was forſt ſometime,
To ſmile to think, the Duke doth hang his friend
Behind his back, whom to his face he ſmoothes.

K.Ed. But we ſhall haue farre better ſport anon:
Howard tells me, that another meſſenger
Is come in poſt haſt from the Conſtable:
As you haue begun, with patience heare the reſt.

K.L. No more adoo, Ile to my place againe:
Remember that you ſtill be deafe my Lord.

K.Ed. I warrant you: *Howard*, call in the meſſenger.

Enter the meſſenger from the Conſtable.

Meſ. Health to the victorious King of *England*.

K.Ed. Tell him he muſt ſtraine out his voice alowd,
For I am ſomewhat deafe, and cannot heare.

How. His Maieſty requeſts you to ſpeake out,
Becauſe his hearing is of late decai'd.

Meſ. The worthy Earle *S. Paul*.

K.Ed. Come neer me.

Meſ. The worthy Earle *S. Paul* greets noble *Edward*,
And giues your Grace to vnderſtand by me,
That whereas *Charles* that painted ſepulchre,
And moſt diſloiall Duke of *Burgundy*,
Hath but vſurpt the habite of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemy;
As well appeares in his falſe breach of promiſe,
And that whereas he neuer meant himſelfe,
To ſend you aide, but like wiſe was the meanes

To hinder my Lords well affected duty,
Alledging, you desir'd his company,
But that you might betray him to the King.
Beside, whereas it will be prou'd my Lord,
That he did hire the Gunner of S. *Quintins*,
For a large summe of mony, to discharge
Three seuerall peeces of great Ordnance,
Vpon your comming to that curſed towne,
To slay your Maiesty: in which regard,
If it will please you to reuoke from *France*,
And thinke of *Burgundy* as he deserves,
The Duke with expedition bad me say,
That he would put the Earle into your hands,
Whereby you might reuenge his treacherous purpose,
And aide you too, with twice fiue thousand men,
And seate you like a Conquerour in *France*.

K.Ed. Can it seem possible, that two such friends,
So firmely knit together as they were,
Should on a sudden now be such great foes?

Mes. The Earle, my Lord, could never abide the Duke,
Since his last treason, against your sacred person
Before S. *Quintins*, came to open light.

K.Ed. Was that the cause of their dissention then?

Mes. It was, my Lord.

K.Ed. Well, I will thinke vpon't,
And you shall haue your answer by and by.
Cousin *Howard* take him aside,
But let him be kept from the others sight.

How. Sir, will you walk in, my Lord will take aduice,
And so dispatch you back againe vnto the Earle.

K.L. Here's vying of villany, who shall haue all,
Fraud with deceit, deceit with fraud outfac'd,
I would the deuill were there to cry swoope stakes
But how intends your Grace to deale with them?

K.Ed. Faith in their kinde, I am the steele you see,
Against the which their enuie being strook,
The sparkles of hypocrisie flie forth.

'Twere not amisse to quench them in their blood.

Enter another messenger to the king of France with letters.

Mes. My Lord, here's letters to your Maiesty,
One from the Duke of *Burgundy*, the other from
the Constable.

K.L. More villany, a thousand crownes to nothing.

K.Ed. Can there be more than is already broacht?
Me thinks, they haue already done so well,
As this may serue to bring them both to Hell.

K.L. No, no, they are indifferently well loaden,
But yet their fraught's not full, see other ware,
Other prouision to prepare their way,
The very same (my Lord) which they pretend
In loue to you, against my life and Crowne,
The same they vndertake to doe for me,
Against your safety, vrging if I please,
That they will ioine their forces both with mine,
And in your back returne to *Calice*, cut the throats
Of you and all your souldiers.

K.Ed. Oh damnable!
But that I see it figur'd in these lines,
I would haue sworne there had been nothing left,
For their pernitious braine to worke vpon.

K.L. A Traitor is like a bold-fac'd Heretick,
That neuer will be brought unto a *non plus*,
So long as he hath liberty to speak.

K.Ed. The way to cure them, is to cut them off:
Call forth their messengers once more to vs.

How. Both of them, my Lord?

K.Ed. Yes, both together:
Weel see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their maisters shame not to attempt,

Enter both the messengers.

Con. What, is his Maiesty of *France* so neer?
And Mounsieur *Rosse*, the Earles Secretary?
I feare some hurt depends vpon his presence.

Mes. How comes it that I see the French King here?

I, and the Lord of Conte too me thinks,
Pray God our meſſage be not made a ſcorne.
K.Ed. You told me that you came from Earle *S. Paul.*
Meſ. I did my Lord, and therein fabled not.
K.Ed. You told me of many kind indeuours,
Which he intended for our benefite?
Meſ. No more than he is willing to performe,
K Ed. Know you his hand writing, if you ſee't?
Meſ. I doe my Lord.
K.Ed. Is this his hand, or no?
Meſ. I cannot ſay but that it is his hand.
K.Ed. How comes it then, that vnderneath his hand
My death is ſought, when you that are his mouth,
Turne to our eares a quite contrary tale?
The like read you decypher'd in this paper,
Concerning treacherous wauering *Burgundy:*
Vnleſſe you grant they can diuide themſelues,
And of two ſhapes become foure ſubſtances,
How is it I ſhould haue their knightly aide,
And yet by them be vtterly deſtroi'd?
K.L. And I to be protected by their meanes,
And yet they ſhall conſpire againſt my life.
K.Ed. What call you this but vile hypocriſie?
K.L. Nay, peaſant-like vnheard of treachery.
Con. My Lord, vpbraid not me with this offence:
I doe proteſt I knew of no ſuch letters,
Nor any other intention of the Duke,
More than before was vttered in my meſſage.
Sol. Will you be halting too before a creeple?
Doe you not remember what they were,
That firſt did certifie the Duke, of truce
Betwixt the renowned *Edward* and the French?
Con. Yes, they were two ſouldiers, what of that?
Sol. Thoſe ſouldiers were this Gentleman and I,
Where we did heare the foule mouth'd Duke exclaime,
Againſt our noble Soueraigne and this Prince,
And roar'd and bellow'd like a parish Bull,

And that in hearing both of you and him:
His words, so please my Lord, I can repeat,
As he did speak them at the very time.

K. Ed. Well, they are messengers, and for that cause
We are content to bear with their amisse:
But keep them safe, and let them not returne,
To carry tales vnto those counterfeits,
Vntill you haue them both as fast insnar'd.
To compasse which the better, Brother of *France*,
Fiue thousand of our souldiers here we leaue,
To be implor'd in service to that end.
The rest with us to *England* shall returne. *Exit.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. King *Edward* is returned home to *England*,
And *Lewes* King of *France*, soone afterward
Surpized both his subtile enemies,
Rewarding them with traiterous recompence.
Now doe we draw the curtaine of our Scene,
To speak of *Shoare* and his faire wife againe,
With other matters thereupon depending.
You must imagine since you saw him last
Prepar'd for travaile, he hath been abroad,
And seen the sundry fashions of the world,
Vlysses like, his countries loue at length,
Hoping his wives death, and to see his friends,
Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps.
Come home is he, but so vnluckily,
As he is like to lose his life thereby.
His and her fortunes shall we now pursue,
Grac'd with your gentle sufferance and view. *Exeunt.*

Enter mistris Shoare with Iockie her man, and some attendants more, and is met by sir Robert Brakenbury.

Iane. Haue you bestowed our small benevolence,
On the poore prisoners in the common Goale,
Of the white Lyon and the Kings bench?

Ioc. Yes forsooth.

Ia. What prison 's this?

Iockie. The Marſhalſea forſooth.

Enter Sir Robert Brakenbury.

Bra. Well met faire Lady, in the happieſt time,
And choiſeſt place that my deſire could wiſh:
Without offence, Where haue you been this way?

Ia. To take the aire here in S. *Georges* fields,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, and to viſit ſome
Poore patients that cannot viſit me.

Bra. Are you a Phyſitian?

Ia. I, a ſimple one.

Bra. What diſeaſe cure ye?

Ia. Faith none perfectly:
My Phyſick, doth but mitigate the paine
A little while, and then it comes againe.

Bra. Sweet miſtris *Shoare*, I vnderſtand you not.

Ia. Maſter Lieutenant, I beleeue you well.

Iockie. Gude faith ſir *Robert Brokenbelly*, may Maſtres ſpeeks deftly and truly: for ſhee hes been till ſee thore, that cannot come till ſee her, and they is peatients perforce. The priſoners man, in the twea priſons. And ſhe hes gynne tham her ſiller & her geer till bay tham fude.

Bra. Gramercies *Iockie*, thou reſolu'ſt my doubt,
A comfort miniſtring kinde Phyſitian,
That once a week, in her one perſon, viſits
The priſones, and the poore in Hoſpitalls,
In London or neer London euery way,
Whoſe purſe is open to the hungry ſoule,
Whoſe piteous heart ſaues many a tall mans life.

Ia. Peace good ſir *Robert*, 'tis not worthy praiſe,
Nor yet worth thanks, that is of duty done:
For you know well, the world doth know too well,
That all the coales of my poore charity,
Cannot conſume the ſcandall of my name,
What remedie? Well, tell me gentle knight,
What meant your kinde ſalute and gentle ſpeech,
At your firſt meeting, when you ſeem'd to bleſſe
The time and place of our encounter here?

Bra.

Bra. Lady, there lies here priſon'd in the Marſhalſea,
A Gentleman of good parents and good diſcent,
My dear neer kinſman, Captaine *Harry Stranguidge.*
As tall a skilfull Nauigator tri'd,
As er'e ſet foot in any ſhip at Sea,
Whoſe luck it was to take a prize of *France*,
As he from *Rochell* was for London bound:
For which (except his pardon be obtain'd,
By ſome eſpeciall fauorite of the King)
He and his crew, a company of poore men,
Are ſure to dye becauſe 'twas ſince the league.
Ia. Let me ſee him and all his company.
Bra. Keeper, bring forth the Captaine and his crew.

Enter Keeper, Stranguidge, Shoare diſguiſed, and three more fettered.

Ioc. Now fay oth diell, that ſike bonny men
ſun be hampert like plu iades, weas me for ye gude Lads.
Bra. I, Couſin *Harry*, this is miſtris *Shoare*,
Peerleſſe in Court, for beauty, bounty, pitty.

Iane viewes them all.

And if ſhe cannot ſaue thee thou muſt dye.
Stran. Will ſhe if ſhe can?
Bra. I, Couſin *Stranguidge*, I.
Sho. O torment worſe than death, to ſee her face
That caus'd her ſhame, and my vniuſt diſgrace! *aſide.*
O that our mutuall eies were *Baſiliskes*,
To kill each other at his enterview.
Bra. How like ye him Lady? you haue view'd him well.
Ia. I pitty him, and that ſame proper man
That turnes his back, aſham'd of this diſtreſſe.
Sho. Aſham'd of thee, cauſe of my heauineſſe.
Ia. And all the reſt, oh were the King return'd,
There might be hope, but ere his comming home,
They may be tri'd, condemn'd, and iudg'd and dead.
Sho. I am condemn'd by ſentence of defame, *aſide.*
O were I dead, I might not ſee my ſhame.
Bra. Your credit, Lady, may prolong their triall:

What

What Iudge is he that will giue you denial?

Ia. Ile rack my credit, and will lanch my crownes
To saue their liues if they haue done no murther.

Sho. O thou hast crackt my credit with a crowne, *aside.*
And murdred me poore *Matthew Shoare* aliue.

Stran. Faire Lady, we did shed no drop of blood,
Nor cast one Frenchman ouer-boord, and yet
Because the league was made before the fact,
Which we poore sea-men (God knowes) neuer heard,
We doubt our liues, yea, though we should restore
Trebble the value that we took, and more.
'Twas lawfull prize when I put out to Sea,
And warranted in my commission,
The Kings are since combin'd in amity,
(Long may it last) and I vnwittingly
Haue took a Frenchman since the truce was tane:
And if I die, *via*, one day I must,
And God will pardon all my sinnes I trust:
My griefe will be for these poore harmlesse men,
Who thought my warrant might suborne the deed,
Chiefely that Gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who (on my soule) was but a passenger.

Ia. Well Captaine *Stranguidge*, were the King at home,
I could say more.

Stran. Lady, hee's come a shore:
Last night at *Deuer*, my boy came from thence,
And saw his Highnesse land.

Ia. Then courage sirs,
Ile vse my fairest meanes to saue your liues,
In the meane season, spend that for my sake. *casts her purse.*

Enter Lord Marquesse Dorset, and claps her on the shoulder.

Mar. By your leaue mistris *Shoare*, I haue taken paines
To finde you out, Come, you must goe with me.

Ia. Whither, my Lord?

Mar. Vnto the Queen my mother.

Ia. Good my L. *Marquesse Dorset*, wrong me not.

Mar.

Mar. I cannot wrong thee as thou wrongst my mother,
Ile bring thee to her, let her vse her pleasure.
Ia. Against my will I wrong her good my Lord,
Yet am asham'd to see her Maiesty.
Sweet Lord excuse me, say you saw me not.
Mar. Shall I delude my mother for a whore?
No mistris *Shoare*, you must goe to the Queen.
Ia. Must I my Lord? what will she doe to me?
Vse violence on me now the Kings away?
Alas, my Lord, behold this showre of teares,
Which kind King *Edward* would compassionate,
Bring me not to her: she will slit my nose,
Or marke my face, or spurne me vnto death.
Looke on me Lord, can you find in your heart,
To haue me spoil'd that neuer thought you harme?
O rather with your rapier runne me through,
Than carry me to the displeased Queen.
Sho. O hadst thou neuer broke thy vow to me,
From feare and wrong had I defended thee.
Mar. I am inexorable, therefore arise
And goe with me: What rascall crue is this?
Mistris *Shoares* sutors? such slaues make her proud:
What sir *Robert Brakenbury*, you a *Sheriff* too?
Bra. No *Sheriff*, but to saue my cousins life.
Mar. Then Ile be hang'd if he escape for this
The rather, for your meanes to mistris *Shoare*.
My mother can doe nothing, this whore all,
Come away minion, you shall prate no more.
Ia. Pray for me friends, and I will pray for you,
God send you better hap than I expect.
Goe to my lodging you, and if I perish,
Take what is there in lieu of your true seruice.
Iac. Na a maye sale ayse nere forsake my gud maistres,
Till aye hea seen tha worst that spight can du her.
Exeunt Mar queste, and Iane and theirs.
Sho. For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thee yet if I were free.

Bra. See cousin *Strangwidge* how the case is chang'd,
She that could helpe thee cannot helpe her selfe.
Stran. What remedy? the God of heauen helps all:
What say you mates? our hope of life is dasht,
Now none but God, let's put our trust in him,
And euery man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liu'd like men,
So like tall men together let vs dye:
The best is, if we dye for this offence,
Our ignorance shall plead our innocence.
Kee. Your meat is ready (Captaine) you must in.
Stran. Must I? I will: cousin what will you doe?
Bra. Visit you soone, but now I will to Court,
To see what shall become of mistris *Shoare*.
Stran. God speed you well.
Kee. Come sir, will you goe in?
Sho. Ile eat no meat, giue me leaue to walke here.
Am I not left alone? no, millions
Of miseries attend me euery where:
Ah *Matthew Shoare*, how doth all-seeing Heauen,
Punish some sinne, from thy blind conscience hid?
Inflicting paine where all thy pleasure was,
And by my wife came all these woes to passe,
She fals'd her faith, and brak her wedlocks band,
Her honour fallen, how could my credit stand?
Yet will not I, poor *Iane*, on thee exclaime;
Though guilty thou, I guiltlesse suffer shame:
I left this land too little for my griefe,
Returning, am accounted as a theefe,
Who in that ship came for a passenger,
To see my friends, hoping the death of her,
At sight of whom some sparkes of former loue,
(Hid in affections ashes) pitty mooue,
Kindling compassion in my broken heart,
That bleeds to thinke on her insuing smart.
O see weak womens imperfections,
That leaue their husbands safe protections,

Hazarding

Hazzarding all on ſtrangers flatteries,
Whoſe luſt alaid, leaues them to miſeries.
See what diſhonour breach of wedlock brings,
Which is not ſafe euen in the armes of Kings:
Thus do I *Iane* lament thy preſent ſtate,
Wiſhing my teares thy torments might abate. *Exit.*

Enter the Queen, Marqueſſe Dorſet leading miſtris Shoare, who falls downe on her knees before the Queen, fearfull and weeping.

Qu. Now (as I am a Queen) a goodly creature;
Son, how was ſhe attended where you found her?
Mar. Madame, I found her at the Marſhalſea,
Going to viſit the poor priſoners,
As ſhe came by, hauing been to take the aire,
And there the Keeper told me, ſhe oft deales
Such bounteous almes as ſeldome hath been ſeen.
Qu. Now before Cock, ſhe would make a gallant Queen,
But good ſon *Dorſet* ſtand aſide awhile.
God ſaue your Maieſty my Lady *Shoare*,
My Lady *Shoare*, ſaid I? oh blaſphemy,
To wrong your title with a Ladies name;
Queen *Shoare*, nay, rather Empreſſe *Shoare*,
God ſaue your Grace, your Maieſty, your Highneſſe:
Lord, I want titles, you muſt pardon me,
What? you kneel there, King *Edwards* bedfellow,
And I your ſubiect ſit? fie, fie for ſhame.
Come take your place, and Ile kneel where you doe,
I may take your place, you may take mine.
Good Lord, that you will ſo debaſe your ſelfe,
I am ſure you are our ſiſter Queen at leaſt,
Nay that you are, then let vs ſit together.
Ia. Great Queen, yet hear me, if my ſinne committed,
Hath not ſtopt vp all paſſage to your mercy,
To tell the wrongs that I haue done, your Highneſſe
Might make reuenge exceed extremity,
Oh had I words or tongue to vtter it,
To plead my womans weakneſſe and his ſtrength,

That was the only worker of my fall.
Euen innocence her ſelfe would bluſh for ſhame,
Once to be nam'd or ſpoken of in this,
Let them expect for mercy, whoſe offence
May but be called ſinne, oh mine is more,
Proſtrate as earth, before your Highneſſe feet,
Inflict what torments you ſhall thinke moſt meet.
Ma. Spurne the whore (mother) teare thoſe enticing eies,
That rob'd you of King *Edwards* deareſt loue.
Mangle thoſe lockes, the baits to his deſires,
Let me come to her: you but ſtand and talk,
As if reuenge conſiſted but in words.
Qu. Sonne ſtand aloofe, and doe not trouble me.
Alas poore ſoule, as much adoo haue I, *aſide.*
To forbeare teares to keep her company:
Yet once more will I to my former humor.
Why as I am, think that thou wert a Queen,
And I as thou, ſhould wrong thy princely bed,
And winne the King thy husband, as thou mine?
Would it not ſting thy ſoule? or if that I
Being a Queen, while thou didſt loue thy husband,
Should but haue done as thou haſt done to me,
Would it not grieue thee? yes I warrant thee.
Ther's not the meaneſt woman that doth liue,
But if ſhe like and loue her husband well,
She had rather feele his warme lims in her bed,
Than ſee him in the armes of any Queen.
You are fleſh and blood as we, and we as you,
And all alike in our affections,
Though maieſty makes vs the more ambitious.
What 'tis to fall into ſo great a hand,
Knowledge might teach thee: there was once a King,
Henry the ſecond, who did keep his Lemman,
Cag'd vp at *Woodſtocke* in a labyrinth,
His Queen yet got a trick to find her out,
And how ſhe vs'd her, I am ſure thou haſt heard:
Thou art not mew'd vp in ſome ſecret place,
But kept in Court here vnderneath my noſe: Now

Now in the abſence of my Lord the King,
Haue I not time moſt fitting for reuenge?
Faire *Roſamond*, ſhe a pure virgin was,
Vntill the King ſeduc'd her to his will.
She wron'g but one bed, only the angry Queen's:
But thou haſt wronged two, mine and thy husbands:
Be then thy owne iudge, and now in iuſtice ſee,
What due reuenge I ought to take on thee.

Ia. Euen what you will (great Queen) here doe I lye,
Humble and proſtrate at your Highneſſe feet,
Inflict on me what may reuenge your wrong:
Was neuer lambe abode more patiently,
Than I will doe: call all your griefes to mind,
And doe euen what you will, or how likes you,
I will not ſtirre, I will not ſhrike or cry,
Be it torture, poiſon, any puniſhment:
Was neuer Doue, or Turtle more ſubmiſſe,
Than I will be vnto your chaſtiſement.

Mar. Fetcht I her for this? mother let me come to her:
And what compaſſion will not ſuffer you
To doe to her, referre the ſame to me.

Qu. Touch her not ſonne, vpon thy life I charge thee,
But keep off ſtill, if thou wilt haue my love. *Exit Mar.*
I am glad to hear you are ſo well reſolu'd,
To bear the burthen of my iuſt diſpleaſure.

She drawes forth a knife, and making as though ſhe meant to ſpoile her face, runs to her, and falling on her knees, embraces and kiſſes her, caſting away the knife.

Thus then Ile doe, alas poore ſoule,
Shall I weep with thee? in faith poore heart I will,
Be of good comfort, thou ſhalt haue no harme,
But if that kiſſes haue the power to kill thee,
Thus, thus, and thus a thouſand times Ile ſtab thee.
Iane I forgiue thee: what fort is ſo ſtrong,
But with beſieging he will batter it?
Weep not (ſweet *Iane*) alas I know thy ſexe,
Toucht with the ſelfe ſame weakneſſe that thou art,

And if my ſtate had been as meane as thine,
And ſuch a beauty to allure his eye,
(Though I may promiſe much to mine owne ſtrength)
What might haue hapt to me, I cannot tell.
Nay fear not, for I ſpeak it with my heart,
And in thy ſorrow truly bear a part.

Ia. Moſt high and mighty Queen, may I beleeue
There can be found ſuch mercy in a woman,
And in a Queen, more than in a wife,
So deeply wrong'd as I haue wronged you?
In this bright cryſtall mirrour of your mercie,
I ſee the greatneſſe of my ſinne the more,
And makes my fault more odious in mine eies.
Your princely pitty now doth wound me more,
Than all your threatnings euer did before.

Qu. Riſe vp ſweet *Iane*, I ſay thou ſhalt not kneel.
Oh God forbid, that *Edwards* Queen ſhould hate
Her, whom ſhe knowes he doth ſo dearly loue,
My loue to her may purchaſe me his loue.
Iane, ſpeak well vnto the King of me and mine,
Remember not my ſonnes ore-haſty ſpeech,
Thou art my ſiſter, and I loue thee ſo.
I know thou maiſt doe much with my dear Lord,
Speak well of vs to him in any caſe,
And I and mine will loue and cheriſh thee.

Ia. All I can do is all too little too,
But to requite the leaſt part of this grace,
The deareſt thoughts that harbour in this breſt,
Shall in your ſeruice only be expreſt.

Enter King Edward angerly, his Lords following, and ſir Robert Brakenbury.

King. What, is my *Iane* with her? 'tis too true,
See where ſhe hath her downe vpon her knees.
Why how now *Beſſe*? what will you wrong my *Iane*?
Come hither Loue, what hath ſhe done to thee.

Iane falls on her knees to the King.

Ia. Oh royall *Edward*, loue thy beauteous Queen,

The

The only perfect mirrour of her kind,
For all the choiſeſt vertues can be nam'd.
Oh let not my bewitching lookes, withdraw
Your dear affections from your dearer Queen;
But to requite the grace which ſhe hath ſhown,
To me the worthleſſe creature on this earth,
To baniſh me the Court immediatly.
Great King, let me but beg one boone of thee,
That *Shoares* wife nere doe her more iniurie.

As Iane kneels on one ſide the King, ſo the Queen ſteps and kneels on the other.

Qu. Nay, then Ile beg againſt her royall *Edward:*
Loue thy *Iane* ſtill, nay more if more may be, *kiſsing her.*
And this is all the harme that at my hands
She ſhall indure for it. Oh where my *Edward* loues,
It ill beſeems his Queen to grudge thereat.

K. Saiſt thou me ſo *Beſſe*? on my kingly word,
Edward will honour thee in heart for this:
But truſt me *Beſſe*, I greatly was affraid,
I ſhould not find ye in ſo good a tune.
How now, what would our Conſtable of the Towre?

Bra. The Queen and M. *Shoare* do know my ſute.

Qu. It is for *Stranguidge* and his men at ſea,
Edward needs muſt you pardon them.

K. Haue I not vowed the contrary already?
Diſhonour me when I haue made a league?
My word is paſt, and they ſhall ſuffer death,
Or neuer more let me ſee *France* againe.

Ia. Why, there is one is but a paſſenger,
Shall he dye too?

K. Paſſe me no paſſage *Iane*, were he in company,
he dies for company.

Qu. Good *Iane* intreat for them.

Ia. Come *Edward*, I muſt not take this anſwer,
Needs muſt I haue ſome grace for *Stranguidge*.

K. Why *Iane*, haue I not denied my Queen?
Yet what is't *Iane*, I would deny to thee?

I prethee

I prethee *Brakenbury* be not thou diſpleas'd,
My word is paſt, not one of them ſhall liue,
One goe and ſee them forthwith ſent to death. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Gloſter, and Shaw.

Glo. I cannot ſee this propheſie you ſpeak of,
Should any way ſo much diſpleaſe the King,
And yet I promiſe yee good brother *Clarence*,
'Tis ſuch a letter as concernes vs both,
That *G.* ſhould put away King *Edwards* children,
And ſit vpon his Throne? That *G.* ſhould? well.

Cla. God bleſs the King, & thoſe two ſweet yongue Princes.

Glo. Amen, good brother *Clarence*.

Shaw. Amen.

Glo. And ſend them all to heauen ſhortly I beſeech him.

Cla. The King's much troubled in his ſickneſſe with it.

Glo. I promiſe you he is, and very much:
But Doctor *Shaw*, who propheſied that *G.* ſhould bee ſo ſadly ominous to vs?

Shaw. My Lord of Gloceſter, I receiu'd the ſame
From old Frier *Anſelme* of S. Bartholmewes.

Glo. A great learned man he was, and as I haue heard,
Hath propheſied of very many things:
I promiſe you it troubles me,
I hope in me his propheſie is true. *aſide.*

Cla. And ſo it does me, I tell you brother Gloceſter.

Glo. I am ſure it does: for look you brother *Clarence*,
We know not how his Highneſſe will apply it,
We are but two, your ſelfe my Lord and I,
Should the yongue Princes faile, which God defend.

Cla. Which God defend.

D. Shaw. Which God defend.

Glo. aſide. But they ſhould be cut off: Amen, Amen.
You brother firſt, and ſhould your iſſue faile,
Poor I am next, the yongueſt of the three:
But how farre I am from athought of that,
Heauen witneſſe with me, that I wiſh you dead. *aſide.*

Cla. Brother, I durſt be ſworne.

Glo.

Glo. God blesse you all, and take you to him if it be his will.
Now brother, this prophesie of *G.* troubling the King,
He may aswell apply it vnto *Gloucester*;
My Dukedomes name, if he be iealous
As vnto *George* your name, good brother *Clarence*:
God help, God help, ifaith it troubles me,
You would not think how: *aside.* that any of you liue.

Cla. It cannot chuse: how innocent I am,
And how vnspotted are my loyall thoughts
Vnto his Highnesse, and those sweet yongue Princes,
God be my record.

Glo. Who you? I durst answer for you,
That I shall cut you off ere it be long. *aside.*
But reuerend Doctor, you can only tell,
Being his Highnesse Confessor, how he takes it. *aside to*
Shaw. You know my mind, a villaine like my selfe. *Shaw.*

Shaw. My Lord of *Clarence*, I must tell your Lordship,
His Highnesse is much troubled in his sicknesse,
With this same prophesie of *G.* Who is this *G*?
Oft times he will demand, then will he sigh,
And name his brother *George*, your selfe my Lord,
And then he strikes his breast. I promise you
This morning in the extreamest of his fit,
He lay so still, we all thought he had slept,
When suddenly, *George* is the *G.* quoth he,
And gaue a groane, and turn'd his face away.

Cla. God be my witnesse, witnesse with my soule,
My iust and vpright thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to be transparent,
And my thoughts written in great letters there,
The world might read the secrets of my soule.

Glo. Ah brother *Clarence*, when you are suspected!
Well, well it is a wicked world the while:
But shall I tell you brother in plaine termes,
I fear, your selfe and I haue enemies
About the King. God pardon them.

The world was neuer worse to be trusted:
Ah Brother *George*, where is that loue that was?
Ah, it is banisht brother from the world.
Ah, Conscience, conscience, and true brotherhood,
'Tis gone, 'tis gone, brother I am your friend,
I am your loving brother, your owne selfe,
And loue you as my soule, vse me in what you please,
And you shall see Ile doe a brothers part,
Send you to heauen I hope, ere it be long: *aside.*
I am a true stampt villaine as euer liu'd.

Cla. I know you will; then brother I beseech you,
Plead you mine innocence vnto the King,
And in meane time to tell my loyalty,
Ile keep within my house at *Bonards* Castle,
Vntill I heare how my dread Soueraigne takes it.

Glo. Doe so good brother.

Cla. Farewell good brother *Gloster*.

Glo. My teares will scarcely take my leaue,
I loue you so: Farewell sweet *George*. *Exit Cla.*
So, is he gone? now *Shaw* 'tis in thy power,
To binde me to thee euerlastingly,
And there is not one step that I shall rise,
But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse:
Thou shalt sit in my bosome as my soule:
Incense the King, now being as thou art,
So neer about him, and his Confessor,
That this *G.* only is *George* Duke of *Clarence*.
Doctor, thou need'st not my instruction,
Thou hast a searching braine, a nimble spirit,
Able to master any mans affection,
Effect it *Shaw*, and bring it to passe once,
Ile make thee the greatest *Shaw* that euer was.

Sha. My Lord, I am going by commandement,
Vnto the Marshalsea, to *Stratgridge*,
For pyracie of late condemn'd to dye,
There to confesse him and his company:
That done, Ile come with speed back to the King,

And make no doubt but Ile effect the thing.

Glo. Farewell gentle Doctor.

Sha. Farewell my Lord of *Gloster*, *Exit.*

Glo. Let me awake my sleeping wits awhile:
Ha, the marke thou aimest at *Richard* is a Crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that? Doctor play thou thy part,
Ile climbe by degrees through many a heart. *Exit.*

Enter Brakenbury with Vaux the Keeper.

Bra. Why, master *Vaux*, is there no remedy,
But instantly they must be led to death?
Can it not be deferd till afternoone,
Or but two howres, in hope to get reprive?

Kee. Master Lieutenant, 'tis in vaine to speak,
The King's incens'd, and will not pardon them,
The men are patient, and resolu'd to dye,
The Captaine and that other Gentleman,
Haue cast the dice whether shall suffer first.

Bra. How fell the lot, to *Strangwidge* or to him?

Kee. The guiltlesse passenger must first goe too't.

Bra. They are all guiltlesse from intent of ill.

Kee. And yet must dye for doing of the deed.
Besides, the Duke of *Exeter* found dead,
And naked floating vp and downe the sea,
'Twixt Calice and our coast, is laid to them,
That they should rob and cast him ouer boord.

Bra. My soule be pawne they neuer knew of it.

Kee. Well, bring them forth.

Bra. Stay them but yet an howre.

Kee. I dare not doe it sir *Robert Brakenbury*,
You are Lieutenant of the Towre your selfe,
And know the perill of protracting time,
Moreouer, here's that pickthanke Doctor *Shaw*,
The Duke of Glosters spaniell sniuling them:
Come bring them forth.

Bra. Poore *Strangwidge*, must thou dye?

Enter one bearing a silver Oare before Stranguidge, Sheare, and two or three more pinioned, and two or three with bills, and a hangman.

Bra. ſtil. I dare not ſay good morrow, but ill day,
That *Harry Stranguidge* is thus caſt away.

Stran. Good Couſin *Brakenbury*, be alwell content,
To ſee me dye as I to ſuffer death,
Be witneſſe that I dye an honeſt man,
Becauſe my fact proues ill through ignorance:
And for the Duke of *Exceter* his death,
So ſpeed my ſoule as I am innocent.
Here goes my griefe, this guiltleſſe Gentleman,
Like *Æſops* Stork that dies for company,
And came (God knowes) but as a paſſenger:
Ah M. *Flud*, a thouſand flouds of woe,
Ore-flow my ſoule that thou muſt periſh ſo.

Sho. Good Captaine, let no perturbation
Hinder our paſſage to a better world,
This laſt breaths blaſt, will waft our weary ſoules
Ouer deaths gulfe, to heauens moſt happy port:
There is a little battaile to be fought,

This while the hangman prepares, Sheare at this ſpeech mounts vp the ladder.

Wherein by lot the leading muſt be mine.
Second me Captaine, and this bitter breakfaſt,
Shall bring a ſweeter ſupper with the Saints.

D.S. This Chriſtian patience at the point of death,
Doth argue he hath led no wicked life,
How euer heauen hath laid this croſſe on him:
Well *Matthew Flud*, for ſo thou call'ſt thy ſelfe,
Finiſh a good courſe as thou haſt begun,
And cleer thy conſcience by confeſſion,
What know'ſt thou of the Duke of *Exeters* death?

Sho. So God reſpect the waygate of my ſoule, as I know nothing.

D.S. Then concerning this for which thou dieſt,
knew *Stranguidge* of the league betwixt the Kings

before

before he took that prize?

Sho. No in my conscience.

D.S. Strangwidge, what say you?
You see there's but a turne betwixt your liues,
You must be next, confesse and saue your soule,
Concerning that wherein I question'd him:
I am your ghostly father to absolue
You of your sins, if you confesse the truth.

Stran. True D. *Shaw*, and as I hope for heauen,
In that great day when we shall all appear,
I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,
Nor of the league, till I had tane the prize.
Neither was *Flud*, (that innocent dying man)
Euer with me but as a passenger.

D.S. More happy he: well *Flud* forgiue the world,
As thou wilt haue forgiuenesse from the heauens.

Sho. O so I doe, and pray the world forgiue
What wrong I did, whiles I therein did liue,
And now I pray you turne your paines to them,
And leaue me priuate for a little space,
To meditate vpon my parting hence.

D.S. Do gentle *Flud*, and we will pray for thee.

Sho. Pray not for *Flud*, but pray for *Mat Shoare*, *aside.*
For *Shoare*, couered with the cloak of *Flud*,
If I haue sinn'd in changing of my name,
Forgiue me God, 'twas done to hide my shame,
And I forgiue the world, King *Edward* first,
That wrackt my state, by winning of my wife,
And though he would not pardon trespasse small,
In these, in me God knowes no fault at all,
I pardon him though guilty of my fall.
Perhaps he would, if had known 'twas I,
But twenty deaths I rather wish to dye,
Than liue beholding for one minutes breath
To him, that liuing, wounded me with death,
Death of my ioy, and hell of my defame,
Which now shall dye vnder this borrowed name.

Lane God forgiue thee, euen as I forgiue,
And pray thou maist repent whilst thou doest liue.
I am as glad to leaue this loathed light,
As to embrace thee on our marriage night,
To dye unknown thus, is my greatest good,
That *Matthew Shoares* not hang'd, but *Matthew Flud.*
For flouds of woe haue washt away the shore,
That neuer wife nor kinne shall look on more.
Now when you will, I am prepar'd to goe.

Enter Iockie running and crying.

Ioc. Hawd, hawd, faye for speede, vntaye, vntruſſe, pull down, pull off, God ſeaue the King: off with the heiters, hence with the priſoners, a pardon, a pardon.

Bra. Good newes vnlookt for, Welcome gentle friend, who brings the pardon?

Iockie. Stoy, firſt lat mee blaw: my maſtres, maſtres *Shore* ſhoe brings tha pardoun, tha Kings pardoun: off with thore bands, beſtow them o tha hangman, may maſtres made mee runne tha neereſt way ore tha fields, ſhee rayds apace tha hee way, ſhees at hand bay this: ſirra ye that preech come down, lat Doctor *Shaw* hes your place, hees tha better ſcholler, maſtres *Shore* brings a new leſſon for you.

Sho. O I had read my lateſt leſſon well,
Had he been ready to haue ſaid, Amen.

Point to the heavens.

Now ſhall I liue to ſee my ſhame againe.

Shoare comes down.

O had I dide yowitting to my wife,
Rather than ſee her, though ſhe bring me life.

Enter Iane in haſte, in her riding cloake and ſauegard, with a pardon in her hand.

Ia. Alas, I ſee that euen my ſmalleſt ſtay
Had loſt my labour, and call them away,
God knowes, I haſted all that ere I might.
Here maſter *Vaux*, King *Edward* greets you well,
His gracious pardon frees this Gentleman,
And all his company from ſhameful death.

All. God saue the King, and God blesse M. *Shore.*

Ioc. Amen, and keepe these free from comming heere any mo.

Ia. You must discharge them; paying of their fees:
Which, for I feare their store is very small,
I will defray, hold, here, take purse and all:
Nay master *Vaux*, 'tis gold, if not enough
Send to me, and I will pay you royally.

Stra. Lady, in the behalfe of all the rest,
With humble thankes, I yeeld my selfe your slaue;
Command their service, and command my life.

Iane. No Captain *Strangridge*, let the King command
Your liues and seruice who hath giuen you life:
These and such offices conscience bids me doe.

D. Shaw. Pitty that ere awry she trod her shooe.

Sho. O had that conscience prickt when loue prouokt.

Bra. Lady, the last but not the least in debt,
To your deuotion, for my Cousins life:
I render thanks, yet thanks is but a breath,
Command me (Madame) during life,
Old *Brakenbury* vowes for you to stand,
Whil'st I haue lims or any foot of land.

Sho. Thus is her glory builded on the sand.

Ia. Thanks good M. Lieutenant of the Towre.
Sirra prepare my horse, why stay you here? *to Iockie.*
Pray you commend me to my noble friend,
The Duke of *Clarence*, now your prisoner,
Bid him not doubt, the Kings displeasures past,
I hope to gaine him fauour and release.

Bra. God grant you may, hee's a noble Gentleman.

D. S. My patrone *Gloster* will crosse it if he can.

Enter a messenger.

Nu. Where's mistris *Shore*? Lady I come in post,
The King hath had a dangerous fit,
Since you came from him, twice his Maiesty
Hath swounded, and with much adoo reuiu'd,
And still as breath will giue him leaue to speak,
He calls for you: the Queen and all the Lords

Haue

Haue sent to seek ye, hast vnto his Grace,
Or else I fear youl neuer see his face.

Ia. O God defend, good friends pray for the King,
More bitter are the newes which he doth bring,
Than those were sweet I brought to you of late:
If *Edward* dye confounded is my state,
Ile hast vnto him, and will spend my blood,
To saue his life or do him any good;

Exeunt she and the messenger.

Sho. And so would I for thee, hadst thou been true:
But if he dye, bid all thy pomp adiew.

Bra. Beleeue me, but I doe not like these newes,
Of the Kings dangerous sickenesse.

Kee. No nor I:
Captaine, and master *Flud*, and all the rest,
I doe reioice your pardon was obtain'd,
Before these newes, these inauspicious newes:
If the King dye, the state will soone be chang'd,
M. Lieutenant, youl goe to the Tower;
Ile take my leaue, Gallants, God buoye all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

Stran. God buoy M. *Vaux*, I wis ye ha lost good guests.

Bra. You shall be my guests for a night or two,
Cousin, till your owne lodging be prepar'd:
But tell me sir, what meanes hath M. *Flud*?

Stran. I cannot tell, Ile aske him if you will.

Bra. Doe so, and if his fortunes be debas'd,
Ile entertaine him if heel dwell with me,
On good condition.

Stran. M. *Matthew Flud*,
Hear ye my Cousin *Brakenburies* mind?
He hath conceiu'd such liking of your parts,
That if your meanes surmount not his suppose,
Heel entertaine ye gladly at the Tower,
To wait on him, and put you in great trust.

Sho. In what I vndertake I will be iust,
And hold me happy, if my diligence

May please so worthy a Gentleman as he:
What ere my fortunes have been, they are now,
Such as to seruice make their master bow.
Bra. No *Flud*, more like a friend and fellow mate,
I meane to vse thee, than a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the Tower,
And giue thee meanes to liue in some good sort.
Sho. I thank you sir, God grant I may deserue it.
Bra. Cousin, and all your crue, come home with me,
Where after sorrow we may merry be.
Sho. The Tower will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may hear good newes and bad, and vse the best:
God blesse the King, a worse may weare the Crowne,
And then *Iane Shoare*, thy credit will come downe:
For though Ile neuer bed nor boord with thee,
Yet thy destruction wish I not to see,
Because I lou'd thee when thou wast my wife:
Not for now sauing my disdained life,
Which lasts too long, God grant vs both to mend.
Well, I must in my seruice to attend. *Exit.*

The Lord Louell, and Doctor Shaw meet on the stage.

Shaw. Well met my good Lord *Louell*.
Lo. Whither away so fast goes D. *Shaw?*
Sha. Why, to the Tower, to shriue the Duke of *Clarence*,
Who as I hear is falne so grieuous sick,
As it is thought he can by no meanes escape.
Lo. He neither can, nor shall I warrant thee.
Sh. I hope my Lord, he is not dead already.
Lo. But I hope sir he is, I am sure I saw him dead
Of a flies death, drown'd in a butte of Malmsey.
Sh. Drown'd in a butte of Malmsey? that's strange,
Doubtlesse, he neuer would self doe himselfe.
Lo. No, that thou know'st right well, hee had some helpers,
Thy hand was in it with the Duke of *Glosters*,
As smoothly as thou seek'st to couer it.
Sha. Oh fowle words my Lord, no more of that,
The world knowes nothing, then what should I feare?

Doth not your honour seek promotion?
Oh giue the Doctor then a little leaue,
So that he gaine preferment with a King,
Cares not who goes to wrack, whose heart doth wring.

Lo. A King? what King?

Sh. Why *Richard*, man: who else? good Lord I see
Wise men sometimes haue weak capacitie.

Lo. Why, is not *Edward* liuing? and if he were not,
Hath he not children? what shall become of them?

Sh. Why man, lining for beds, a knife, or so.
What? make a boy a King and a man stand by?
Richard a man for vs? fie that were a shame.

Lo. Nay, then I see if *Edward* were decead,
Which way the game would goe.

Sh. What else my Lord?
That way the current of our fortune runs,
By noble *Richard*, gallant, roiall *Richard*,
He is the man must only do vs good,
So I haue honour, let me swim through blood.
My Lord, be but at *Pauls* crosse on Sunday next,
I hope I haue it here shall soundly proue,
King *Edwards* children not legitimate:
Nay, and that for *Edward* ruling now,
And *George* the Duke of *Clarence* so late dead,
Their mother hapt to tread the shooe awry

Lo. Why what is *Richard* then?

Sh. Tut, a lawfull man, he saies it so himselfe,
And what he saies, Ile be so bold to swear,
Though in my soule I know it other wise,
Beware promotion while you liue my Lord.

Enter Catesbie.

Ca. A staff, a staff, a thousand crownes for a staff.

Lo. What staff sir *William Catesbie*?

Ca. Why man, a white staff for my L. Protector.

Lo. Why, is King *Edward* dead?

Ca. Dead *Lowell*, dead, and *Richard* our good Lord,
Is made Protector of the sweet younge Prince.

Oh

Oh for a ſtaff, where might I haue a ſtaff,
That I might firſt preſent it to his hand?
Sh. Now do I ſmell two Biſhopwricks at leaſt,
My ſermon ſhall be pepper'd ſound for this.

Enter miſtris Shoare weeping, Iockie following.

Ca. Why how now miſtris *Shoare*? what, put finger in the eye?
Nay, then I ſee you haue ſome cauſe to cry.
Lo. I blame her not, her chiefeſt ſtay is gone,
The only ſtaff ſhe had to leane vpon,
I ſee by her theſe tidings are too true.
Ia. I my Lord *Louell*, they are too true indeed,
Roiall King *Edward* now hath breath'd his laſt,
The Queen turn'd out, and euery friend put by,
None now admitted but whom *Richard* pleaſe.
Lo. Why doubtleſſe *Richard* will be kind to you.
Ia. Ah my Lord *Louell*, God bleſſe me from his kindneſſe;
No ſooner was the white ſtaff in his hand,
But finding me and the right wofull Queen,
Sadly bemoning ſuch a mighty loſſe:
Here is no place, quoth he, you muſt be gone,
We haue other matters now to think vpon.
For you, (quoth he to me) and bit his lip,
And ſtrook me with his ſtaff, but ſaid no more;
Whereby I know he meaneth meno good.
Cat. Well miſtris *Shoare*, it's like to be a buſie time,
Shift for your ſelfe: come lads let vs be gone,
Roiall King *Richard* muſt we wait vpon.
Sha. Well miſtris *Shoare*, if you haue need of me,
You ſhall command me to the vttermoſt. *Exeunt.*
Ia. Firſt let me dye, ere I doe put my truſt,
In any flering Spaniell of you all.
Goe *Iockie*, take downe all my hangings,
And quickly ſee my trunks be conuai'd forth,
To miſtris *Blagues*, an Inne in Lombardſtreet,
The *Flower de luce*, good *Iockie* make ſome ſpeed,
She, ſhe muſt be my refuge in this need.

See it be done quickly *Iockie*. *Exit.*

Iockie. Whickly quoth a? marrie here's a whicke chaing indeed, ſicke whick chaing did I nere ſee before. Now dream I, that Ise bee a very pure fellow, and hardly ha any ſiller to drinke with a gude fellow. But what ſtand I tatling here? I muſt goe do my maiſtres bidding, carry all her ſtuffe and geere to miſtris *Blagnes*, at the *Flower de luce* in Lombard ſtreet, whick then diſpatch. *Exit.*

Enter Brakenbury and Flud, to them the two yongue Princes, Edward and Richard, Gloſter, Catesbie, Lowell and Tirill.

Bra. Come hither *Flud*, let me hear thy opinion,
Thou know'ſt I build vpon thy confidence,
And honeſt dealing in my greateſt affaires:
I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
Gloſter I meane, Protector of the land,
Who giues in charge, the Tower be prepar'd
This night, to entertaine the two yongue Princes.
It is my duty to obey I know,
But manifold ſuſpicions trouble me.

Fl. He is their Vncle ſir, and in that ſenſe,
Nature ſhould warrant their ſecurity.
Next, his deceaſed brother at his death,
To *Richards* care, committed both the Realme
And their protections where humanity
Stands as an Orator, to plead againſt
All wrong ſuggeſtion of vnciuill thoughts.
Beſide, you are Lieutenant of the Tower,
Say that there ſhould be any hurt pretended,
The priuiledge of your authority.
Pries into euery corner of the houſe,
And what can then be done without your knowledge?

Bra. Thou ſaiſt true *Flud*, though *Richard* be Protector,
When once they are within the Tower limits,
The charge of them (vnleſſe he derogate
From this my office, which was neuer ſeen
In any Kings time) doth belong to me:

And

And ere that *Brakenbury* will consent,
Or suffer wrong be done vnto these babes,
His sword and all the strength within the Tower,
Shall be oppos'd against the proudest commer.
Be it to my soule as I intend to them.

Fl. And faith in me vnto this common-wealth,
And truth to men, hath hitherto been seen,
The Pylot that hath guided my liues course,
Though 'taws my fortune to be wrong'd in both:
And therefore sir, neither the mightiest frowne,
Nor any bribes shall winne me otherwise.

Bra. 'Tis well resolu'd, and still me thinks, they should
Be safe enough with vs, and yet I fear:
But now no more, it seemes they are at hand.

Pr. Ed. Vncle, what Gentleman is that? *Enter.*

Glo. It is (sweet Prince) Lieutenant of the Tower.

Pr. Ed. Sir, we are come to be your guests to night:
I pray you tell me, did you euer know,
Our Father *Edward* lodg'd within this place?

Bra. Neuer to lodge (my Liege) but oftentimes,
On other occasions I haue seen him here.

Ric. Brother, last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore maruel'd that my Vncle *Glostar*,
Of all the houses for a Kings receipt
Within this Citie, had appointed none
Where you might keep your Court but only here.

Glo. Vile brats, how they doe descant on the Tower.
My gentle Nephew, they were not well aduis'd
To tutor you with such vnfitting termes,
(Who ere they were) against this roiall mansion:
What if some part of it hath been reseru'd,
To be a prison for Nobility?
Followes it therefore that it cannot serue,
To any other vse? *Cæsar* himselfe,
That built the same, within it kept his Court,

And many Kings since him: the roomes are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.
Pr.Ed. Vncle of *Glester*, if you think it so,
'Tis not for me to contradict your will,
We must allow it, and are well content.
Glo. On then a Gods name.
Pr.Ed. Yet before we goe,
One question more with you M. Lieutenant:
We like you well, and but we doe perceive
More comfort in your looks, than in these walls,
For all but Vncle *Glosters* friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heauy still as lead.
I pray you tell me, at which doore or gate
Was it my Vncle *Clarence* did goe in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?
Bra. At this my Liege: why sighs your Maiesty?
P.Ed. He went in here that here came back againe,
But as God hath decreed so let it be:
Come brother shall we goe?
Ric. Yes brother, any where with you. *Exeunt.*

Tirrill pulls Catesbie by the sleeue.

Tir. Sir, were it best I did attend the Duke,
Or stay his leisure till his backe returne?
Cat. I pray master *Tirrill* stay without,
It is not good you should be seen by day
Within the Tower, especially at this time:
Ile tell his honour of your being here,
And you shall know his pleasure presently.
Tir. Euen so sir: men would be glad by any meanes,
To raise themselues that haue been ouerthrowne,
By fortunes scorne, and I am one of them.

Enter Duke of Glester.

Here comes the Duke.
Glo. Catesbie, is this the man?
Cat. It is sir like your Excellency.
Glo. Come neer.

Thy name is *Tirill*, is it not?

Tir. Iames Tirill is my name my gracious Lord.

Glo. Welcome, it should appear that thou hast bin
In better state than now it seemes thou art.

Tir. I haue bin by my fey my Lord, though now deprest,
And clouded ouer with aduersity.

Glo. Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt rise againe,
And prooue more happy than thou euer wast,
There is but only two degrees, by which
It shall be needfull for thee to ascend,
And that is, faith and taciturnity.

Tir. If euer I prooue false vnto your Grace,
Conuert your fauour to afflictions.

Glo. But canst thou too be secret?

Tir. Try me my Lord:
This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blad.

Glo. Thy countenance hath like a siluer key,
Open'd the closet of my heart: read there,
If scholler-like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art a man ordain'd to serue my turne.

Tir. So far as my capacity will reach:
The sense my Lord is this, this night you say,
The two yongue Princes both must suffer death.

Glo. Thou hast my meaning, wilt thou doe it, speak?

Tir. It shall be done.

Glo. Inough, come follow me,
For thy direction, and for gold to see
Such as must aide thee in their Tragedy. *Exeunt.*

Enter mistris Blague and Iokie loden.

Bla. Welcome good *Iockie*, what good newes bring you?

Ioc. Marry mastres, my gude mastres greets yee mastres, and prayes ye mastres, till dight vp her chamber, for sheel lig wee ye to night mastres. And here's her catakin till she come.

Enter Iane.

Ia. Why how now loiterer? make ye no more hast?
When will my trunks and all my stuffe be brought,
If you thus loiter? goe, make hast wishall.

Ioc.

Iane. Mary fall aye, giue yeele be bad patient awhile. *Exit.*

Ia. Now gentle miſtris *Blague*, the only friend
That fortune leaues me to rely vpon:
My councells cloſet, and my tower of ſtrength,
To whom for ſafety I retire my ſelfe,
To be ſecure in theſe tempeſtious times;
O ſmile on me, and giue me gentle lookes:
If I be welcome, then with cheerfull heart
And willing hand, ſhew me true ſignes thereof.

Bla. Doubt ye of welcome Lady to your friend?
Nay, to your ſeruant, to your bedſ-woman,
To ſpeak but truth, your bounties bond-woman:
Vſe me, command me, call my houſe your owne,
And all I haue (ſweet Lady) at your will.

Ia. Away with titles, lay by courtly tearmes,
The caſe is alter'd now the King is dead,
And with his life my fauouring friends are fled:
No Madame now, but as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, poor *Iane Shoare*,

Bla. I lou'd you then, and ſince, and euer ſhall:
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall.
You, when my husbands lewd tranſgreſſion,
Of all our wealth had loſt poſſeſſion,
By forfeiture into his Highneſſe hands,
Got reſtitution for our goods and lands,
He fled and di'd in *France*: to heale that harme,
You helpt me to three manhors in fee farme,
The worth of which cleers threeſcore pound a yeare;
Haue I not reaſon then to hold you dear?
Yes, hap what will, vntill my life do end,
You are and ſhall be my beſt beloued friend.

Ia. How if misfortune my fully doe ſucceed?

Bla. Truſt me, true friends bide touch in time of need.

Ia. If want conſume the wealth I had before.

Bla. My wealth is yours, and you ſhall ſpend my ſtore.

Ia. But the Protector proſecutes his hate.

Bla. With me liue ſecret from the worlds debate.

Ia.

Ia. You will be weary of so bad a guest.
Bla. Then let me neuer on the earth be blest.
Ia. Ah mistris *Blagne*, you tender me such loue,
As all my sorrowes from my soule remoue,
And though my portion be not very large,
Yet come I not to you to be a charge:
Coine, plate, and iewels, priz'd at lowest rate,
I bring with me to maintaine my estate,
Worth twenty thousand pound, and ply aray,
If you suruiue to see my dying day,
From you no penny will I giue away.
Bla. And I thank you, that so my wealth increast,
I am worth I trow ten thousand pounds at least.
I think like two warme widowes we may liue,
Vntill good fortune two good husbands giue:
For surely mistris *Shores*, your husband 's dead,
When heard you of him?
Ia. Neuer since he fled.
O mistris *Blagne*, now put you in my head
That kils my heart, why should I breath this aire,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repaire?
Oh were he here with me to lead his life,
Although he neuer vs'd me as a wife,
But as a drudge to spurne me with his feet,
Yet should I think with him, that life were sweet.
Bla. How can ye once conceit so base a thing,
That haue been kist and cokerd by a King?
Weep not, you hurt your selfe by Gods blest mother,
Your husbands dead woman, think vpon another.
Let vs in to supper, drink wine, chase your heare,
And whilst I liue, be sure He take your part. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brakenbury, Shaw, Digbie, Forrest, Tirrell.

Tir. Sir, I assure you 'tis my Lord Protectors warrant.
Bra. My friend, I haue conferr'd it with his letters,
And 'tis his hand indeed, Ile not deny,
But blame me not although I be precise,

In matters that so neerly do concerne me.

Digb. My Lord Protector, sir I make no doubt,
Dare iustifie his warrant, though perhaps,
He doth not now acquaint you why he doth it.

Bra. I think sir, there's no subiect now in England
Will vrge his Grace, to shew what he dare do,
Nor will I aske him why he does it:
I would I might, to rid me of my doubt. *aside.*

For. Why sir, I think he needs no president
For what he does, I think his power is absolute inough.

Bra. I haue no power sir, to examine it,
Nor will; I do obey your warrant,
Which I will keep for my security.

Tir. You shall do well in that sir.

Bra. Heres the keies.

Sho. And yet, I could wish my Lord Protector
Had sent his warrant hither by some other: *aside.*
I do not like their looks, I tell you true.

Bra. Nor I *Flud*, I assure thee.

For. What doth that slaue mutter to his master?

Digb. I hear him say, he doth not like our looks.

Tir. Why not our looks, sir?

For. Sirra, we hear you.

Sho. I am glad you do sir, all is one for that:
But if you did not, hearken better now.
I neuer saw three faces, in whose looks
Did euer sit more terror, or more death;
God blesse the Prince, if it be his will:
I do not like these villaines.

Digb. Zounds slab the villaine; sirra, do you braue vs?

Sho. I, that's your comming: for you come to slab.

For. Stab him.

Sho. Nay then Ile slab with thee.

Tir. Zblud cut his throat.

Bra. Hold Gentlemen, I pray you.

Sho. Sir I am hurt, stabd in the armes.

Bra. This is not to be iustified my friends,

To

To draw your weapons here within the Tower,
And by the law, it is no lesse then death.
I cannot think the Duke will like of this:
I pray you be content, too much is done.

Tir. He might haue held his peace then, and been quiet.
Farewell, farewell.

Sho. Hell and damnation follow murtherers.

Bra. Go *Flud*, get thee some Surgeon to look to thy wound.
Hast no acquaintance with some skilfull Surgeon?
Keep thy wound close, and let it not take aire,
And for mine owne part, I will not stay here.
Whither wilt thou goe, that I may send to thee?

Sho. To one mistris *Blagues*, an Inne in Lombard street,
There shall you find me or shall hear of me.

Bra. Sweet Princely babes farewell, I fear you sore,
I doubt these eies shall neuer see you more.

Enter the two yongue Princes, Edward and Richard, in their gownes and caps, vnbuttond and vntrust.

Ric. How does your Lordship?

Ed. Well good brother *Richard*, how does your selfe?
You told me your head aked.

Ric. Indeed it does my Lord, feel with your hand
how hot it is.

He laies his hand on his brothers head.

Ed. Indeed you haue caught cold,
With sitting yesternight to hear me read:
I pray thee goe to bed, sweet Dick, poor little heart.

Ric. Youle giue me leaue to wait vpon your Lordship.

Ed. I had more need brother, to wait on you:
For you are sicke, and so am not I.

Ric. O Lord, me thinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our graue.

Ed. I pray thee do not speak of graues sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest me.

Ric. Why my Lord brother, did not our Tutor teach vs,
That when at night we went vnto our bed,
We still should think we went vnto our graue?

E. Yes that's true, that we should do as every christian ought,
To be prepar'd to dye as every howre: but I am heavy.
Rich. Indeed and so am I.
Ed. Then let vs say our praiers, and go to bed.

They kneele, and solemne musicke the while within, the musicke ceaseth and they rise.

Rich. What, bleeds your Grace?
Ed. I, two drops and no more.
Rich. God blesse vs both, and I desire no more.
Ed. Brother, see here what *Dauid* saies, and so say I,
Lord, in thee will I trust although I dye.

As the younge Princes go out, enter Tirrill.

Tir. Goe lay you downe, but neuer more to rise:
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder,
That euer was committed since the world begun,
The very senseless stones here in the walls,
Break out in teares but to behold the fact,
Me thinks the bodies lying dead in graues,
Should rise and cry against vs: O heark, heark, *a noise*
Shee Mandrakes shreeks are musick to their cries. *within.*
The very night is frighted, and the Stars
Do drop like torches, to behold this deed:
The very center of the earth doth shake.
Me thinks the Tower should rent downe from the top,
To let the Heauen look on this monstrous deed.

Enter at the one doore Dighton, with Edward under his arme, at the other doore, Forrest with Richard.

Digh. Stand further damned rogue, and come not neer me.
For. Nay, stand thou further villaine, stand aside.
Digh. Are we not both damned for his cursed deed?
For. Thou art the witnesse that thou bearst the King.
Digh. And what bearst thou?
For. It is too true, oh I am damn'd indeed.

He looks downe on the boy vnder his arme.

Tir. I am as deep as you, although my hand
Did not the deed.
Digh. O villaine, art thou there?

For.

For. A plague light on thee.

Tir. Curse not, a thousand plagues will light vpon vs all.

They lay them downe.

The Priest here in the Tower will bury them,
Let vs away.

Enter M. Blague and her two men, bringing in Shoare alias Flud, in a chaire, his arme bleeding apace.

Bla. So, set him heer awhile where is more aire.
How cheer you sir? alack he doth begin
To change his colour, where is mistris *Shoare*?
Gone to her closet for a precious balme,
The same she said, King *Edward* vs'd himselfe,
Alack, I fear heel dye before she come,
Runne quickly for some Rosa-solis, faint not sir,
Be of good comfort, come good mistris *Shoare*,
What haue you there?

Ia. Stand by and giue the leaue.

Bla. Vnhappy me to lodge him in my house.

Ia. I warrant you woman, be not affraid:
If not this blood-stone hang'd about his neck,
This balme will stanch it by the help of God.
Lift vp his arme whilst I do bath his wound,
The signe belike was here when he was hurt,
Or else some principall and chiefe veine is pierst.

Bla. How euer, sure the Surgeon was a knaue,
That lookt no better to him at the first.

Ia. Blame him not mistris *Blague*, the best of them,
In such a case as this may be to seek.

Bla. Now God be blessed, see the crimson blood,
That was precipitate, and falling downe
Into his arme, retires into his face.
How fare ye sir? how doe you feel your selfe?

Sho. Oh wherefore haue you wakt me from my sleep,
And broke the quiet slumber I was in?
Me thought I sate in such a pleasant place,
So full of all delight as neuer any eye
Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend:

If you had let me goe I felt no paine,
But being now reuok'd, my griefe renewes.

Ia. Giue him some Rosa-solis mistris *Blague*,
And that will likewise animate the spirits,
And send alacrity vnto the heart,
That hath bin strugling with the pangs of death.

Bla. Heer sir, drink this, you need not fear it sir,
It is no hurt, see I will be your taster:
Now drink I pray you.

Ia. Now fellowes, raise his body from the chaire,
And gently let him walk a turne or two.

Bla. Good sooth mistris *Shoare*, I did not think till now,
You had been such a cunning skild Physitian.

Sho. Oh mistris *Blague*, though I must needs confesse,
It would haue been more welcome to my soule,
If I had died and been remou'd at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,
Whereof I haue sustained no meane waighe,
Than lingring here, be made a pack-horse still
Of torments, in compari son of which
Death is but as the pricking of a thorne:
Yet do I thank you for your taking paines,
And would to God I could requite your loue.

Bla. Sir I did you little good, what was done,
Ascribe the benefit and praise thereof,
Vnto the Gentlewoman, kind mistris *Shoare*,
Who next to God preseru'd your feeble life.

Sho. How? mistris *Shoare*? good friends let goe your hold,
My strength is now sufficient of it selfe.
Oh! is it she that still prolongs my woe?
Was it ordain'd not only at the first,
She should be my destruction, but now twise
When gracelesse Destinies had brought about,
To end this weary pilgrimage of mine,
Must she, and none but she preuent that good,
And stop my entrance to eternall blisse?
Oh lasting plague, oh endlesse torrasue!

It now repents me double that I scape,
Since life 's made death, and lises author hate.

Ia. Sir take my counsell, and sit downe againe,
It is not good to be so bold of foot
Vpon the sudden, till you haue more strength.

Sho. Mistris, I thank you, and I care not much
If I be rul'd by you. *sits downe.*
Oh God, that she should pitty me vnknowne,
That knowing me by her was ouerthrowne,
Or ignorantly she should regard this smart,
That heretofore spar'd not to stab my heart.

Enter Brakenbury.

Bra. By your leaue mistris *Blague*, I am somewhat bold.
Is there not a Gentleman within your house,
Call'd M. *Flud*, came hither hurt last night?

Bla. Is his name *Flud*? I knew it not till now:
But here he is, and well recouered,
Thanks to this Gentlewoman mistris *Shoare*.

Bra. Pardon me mistris *Shoare*, I saw you not,
And trust me, I am sorry at the heart,
So good a creature as your selfe hath been,
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are:
I promise you the world laments your case.

Ia. How meane you sir? I vnderstand you not:
Lament my case, for what? for *Edwards* death?
I know that I haue lost a gracious friend,
But that is not to be remedied now.

Bra. No mistris *Shoare*, it is for *Richards* hate,
That too much enuies your prosperity.

Ia. I know he loues me not, and for that cause,
I haue withdrawne me wholly from the Court.

Bra. You haue not seen the Proclamation then?

Ia. The Proclamation? no, what Proclamation?

Bra. Oh mistris *Shoare*, the King in euery street
Of *London*, and in euery borough Towne
Throughout this land, hath publikely proclaim'd,
On paine of death that none shall harbour you,

Or giue you food or cloathes to keep you warme,
But hauing first done shame full penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the Citie gates,
Into the naked cold forsaken field:
I fable not, I would to God I did,
See, here's the manner of it put in print,
'Tis to be sold in euery Stationers shop.
Besides, a number of them clapt on poasts,
Where people crowding, as they read your fall,
Some murmure, and some sigh, but most of them,
Haue their relenting eyes euen big with teares.

Ia. Gods will be done, I know my sin is great,
And he that is omnipotent and iust,
Cannot but must reward me heauily.

Bra. It grieues me mistris *Shoare*, it was my chance,
To be the first reporter of this newes.

Ia. Let it not grieue ye, I must haue heard of it,
And now as good as at another time.

Bra. I pray ye mistris *Blague*, haue care of *Flod*,
And what his charge is, I will see you paid. *Exit.*

Ia. Farewell to all, that still shall be my song,
Let men impose vpon me nere such wrong:
And this extreamity shall seem the lesse,
In that I haue a friend to leane vnto.
Sweet mistris *Blague*, there were vpon the earth,
No comfort left for miserable *Iane*,
But that I do presume vpon your loue:
I know, though tyrant *Richard* had set downe,
A greater penalty than is proclaim'd,
Which cannot well be thought, yet in your house,
I should haue succour and reliefe beside.

Bla. What, and so I should be a traitor, should I?
Is that the care you haue of me and mine?
I thank you truly, no, there's no such matter,
I loue you well, but loue my selfe better.
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly,

But

But being otherwise, I do reiect you,
And will not cherish my Kings enemy.
You know the danger of the Proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my house.

Ia. When was it euer seen *Iane Shores* was false,
Either vnto her country or her King?
And therefore 'tis not well, good mistris *Blague*,
That you vpbraid me with a traitors name.

Bla. I, but you haue been a wicked liuer,
And now you see what 'tis to be vnchaste:
You should haue kept you with your honest husband:
'Twas neuer other like, but that such filthinesse
Would haue a foule and detestable end.

Ia. Time was that you did tell me otherwise,
And studied how to set a glosse on that,
Which now you say is vgly and deform'd.

Bla. I told you then, as then the time did serue,
And more indeed to try your disposition,
Than any way to encourage you to sinne:
But when I saw you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on tearmes of modesty,
I left you to your owne arbirement:
Can you deny it was not so? how say you?

Ia. We will not, mistris *Blague*, dispute of that:
But now in charity and womanhood
Let me find fauour, if it be but this,
That in some barne or stable I may shrowd,
Till otherwise I be prouided for.

Bla. I pray you do not vrge me mistris *Shore*:
I will not haue my house inanger'd so.

Ia. Oh you did promise I should neuer want,
And that your house was mine, and swore the same:
To keep your oath, be then compassionate.

Bla. So you did sweare you would be true to *Shore*,
But you are not so good as your word.
My oath 's discharg'd now by the Kings command.

Ia. Yet let me haue those iewels and that money
Which is within my trunks.

Bla. I know of none,
If there be any, Ile be so bold,
As keep it for your dies and your mans.
It is no little charge I haue been at,
To feed your dainty sooth since you came hither,
Besides houseroom, I am sure is somwhat worth.

Sho. Ah *Iane*, I cannot chuse but pitty thee,
Here's the first step to thy deep misery.

Ia. Oh that my graue had then been made my house,
When either first I went vnto the Court,
Or from the Court return'd vnto this place.

Enter two Apparitors.

Ser. How now, what are you? it had been manors
You should haue knockt before you had come in.

1. *Ap.* We are the Bishops Parators my friend,
And mistris *Shores*, our errand is to you.
This day it is commanded by the King,
You must be stript out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheet goe from Temple-barre,
Vntill you come to Algate, barefooted,
Your haire about your eares, and in your hand
A burning taper, therefore goe with vs.

Ia. Euen when and whither you will, and would to God,
The King as soon would rid my soule of sin,
As he may strip my body of these rags.

2. *Ap.* That would he soone enough: but come away.
And mistris *Blague*, youl hardly answer it,
When it is knowne we found her in your house.

1. *Ap.* It seemes you do not fear to harbour her.

Bla. I harbour her? out on her strumpet queans,
She prest vpon me where I would or no:
Ile see her hang'd ere I will harbour her.
So, now her iewels and her gold is mine,
And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
Wealthier by this match than I was before:
And what can be obiected for the same?
That once I lou'd her well, perhaps I did,
But now I am of another humour.

And women all are gouern'd by the Moone,
Which is you know, a planet that will change.

Cat. Now M. Sheriffe of *London* do your office;
Attach this rebell to his Maiesty,
And hauing stript her to her petticoat,
Turne her out a doores, with this condition,
That no man harbour her that durst presume
To harbour that lewd curtezan, *Shoares* wife,
Against the strait commandement of the King.

Bla. I beseech you sir,

Cat. Away with her I say.
The while I le seaze vpon her house and goods,
Which wholly are confiscate to the King. *Exit.*

Sho. Oh what haue I beheld? were I as yongue,
As when I came to *London* to be prentice,
This pageant were sufficient to instruct,
And teach me euer after to be wise.
First, haue I seen desert of wantonnesse
And breach of wedlocke; then of flattery,
Next of dissembling loue, and last of all,
The ruine of base catching auarice.
But poor *Iane Shoare*, in that I lou'd thee once
And was thy husband, I must pitty thee:
The sparkes of old affection long ago,
Rak't vp in ashes of displeasure, kindle,
And in this furnace of aduersity,
The world shall see a husbands loialty. *Exit.*

Enter D. Shaw pensiuely reading on his booke, after him follows the ghost of Frier Anselme, with a lighted torch.

Sha. Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas,
Bastardly slips haue alwaies slender growth.
Ah *Shaw*, this was the cursed theame,
That at *Pauls* crosse thou madest thy sermon of,
To proue the lawfull issue of thy King,
Got out of wedlocke, illegitimate.
Ah Duke of *Gloster*, this diest thou procure:
Did *Richard* (villaine) no, it was thy fault,
Thou wouldst be wonne to such a damned deed,

Which now to think on makes my soule to bleed.
Ah Frier *Anselme*, sleep among the Dead,
Thy prophesie thus falsely did I wrest. *Enter Anselme.*

An. Thou didst, and be thou damn'd therefore,
Nere come thy soule where blessed nesse abides.
Didst thou not know the letter G. was *Gloster*?

Sha. *Anselme* I did.

An. Why then didst thou affirme,
That it was meant by *George* the Duke of *Clarence*?
That honourable harmlesse Gentleman,
Whose thought's all innocent as any child,
Yet came through thee to such a lucklesse death.

Sha. I was enforced by the Duke of *Gloster*.

An. Enforc't, saist thou? wouldst thou then be enforc't,
Being a man of thy profession,
To sin so vilely, and with thine owne mouth
To damne thy soule? no, thou wast not enforc't,
But gaine and hope of high promotion
Hyr'd thee thereto, say, was it not so? *Sha.* It did, it did.

An. Why then record in thy black hellish thoughts,
How many mischiefes haue ensued thereon:
First, wronged *Clarence* drowned in the Tower,
Next, *Edwards* children murdred in the Tower:
This day at *Pomfret* noble Gentlemen
Three, the Queens kindred, lose their harmelesse heads.
Think'st thou, that beer this stoud of mischiefe staies?
No villaine, many are maskt to the block,
And they the neerest, think them furthest off:
Euen *Buckingham*, creator of that King,
Shall he to woe and wretched ending bring.
All this (accursed man) hath come by thee,
And thy false wresting of my prophesie,
For *Englands* good disclosed to thy trust,
And so it had been, hadst thou proued iust:
But thou, and euery one that had a hand,
In that most wofull murder of the Prince,
To fatall ends you are appointed all,
Heer in thy [illegible] thou starue thy selfe,

And

And from this house not tast one bit of food?
The rest shall after follow on a row,
To all their deaths, vengeance will not be slow.

Enter a messinger to Shaw.

Mes. Where is M. Doctor *Shaw*?

Sha. Here friend, what is thy will with me?

Mes. King *Richard* praies ye to come to him straight,
For he would be confest.

Sha. I cannot come: I pray thee take that Frier,
For he can do it better far than I.

Mes. A Frier M. Doctor? I see none.

Sha. Doest thou not? no, thy vntainted soule
Cannot discerne the horrors that I doe.

An. Shaw goe with him, and tell that tyrant *Richard*,
He hath but three yeares limited for life,
And then a shamefull death takes hold on him:
That done, returne, and in thy study end
Thy loathed life, that dost vs all offend.

Shaw. With all my heart, would it were ended now,
So it were done, I care not where nor how. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Parrators, with mistris Shoare in a white sheet, bare-footed with her haire about her eares, and in her hand a waxe taper.

1. *Par.* Now M. *Shoare*, here our commission ends,
Put off yout roabe of shame: for this is Algate,
Whither it was appointed we should bring you.

Is. My roabe of shame? Oh that so foule a name
Should be applied vnto so faire a garment,
Which is no more to be condemn'd of shame,
Than snow of putrefaction is defam'd,
To couer an infectious heap of dung:
My roabe of shame, but not my shame put off,
For that sits branded on my forehead still,
And therefore in derision was I wrapt
In this white sheet, and in derision bore
This burning taper to expresse my folly:
That having light of reason to direct me,
Delighted yet to tread the paths of darke error.

2. *Par.* Well M. *Shoare*, I hope you grudge not vs

We shew'd you all the fauour poore men could.

La. Oh God forbid: I know the Kings edict
Set you awork, and not your owne desires.

1. Per. I truly mistris, and for our parts,
We could be well content 'twere otherwise,
But that the law 's seuere, and so we leaue you. *Exit.*

La. Farewell vnto you both: and *London* too
Farewell to thee, where first I was inticd
That scandaliz'd thy dignity with shame:
But now thou hast return'd me trebble blame:
My tongue that gaue consent, inioin'd to beg,
Mine eeies adiudg'd to houerly laments,
Mine armes for their embracings catch the aire,
And those quick nimble feet, that were so ready
To step into a Kings forbidden bed,
London, thy flints haue punisht for their pride,
And thou hast drunk their blood for thy reuenge.
What now auailes to think what I haue been?
Then welcome nakednesse and pouerty,
Welcome contempt, welcome ye barren fields,
Welcome the lack of meat, and lack of friends;
And wretched *Lane*, according to thy state,
Sit here, sit here, and lowest it might be.
All things that breath, in their extremity
Haue some recourse of succour, thou hast none.
The child offended, flies vnto the mother,
The souldier struck, retires vnto his Captaine,
The fish distressed, slides into the riuer,
Birds of the aire do flie vnto their dame,
And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded;
Nay beast the spaniell, and his master mones him:
But I haue neither where to shrowd my selfe,
Nor any one to make my mone vnto.
Come patience then, and though my body pine,
Make thou a banquet to refresh my soule:
Let hearts deep throbbing sighes be all my bread,
My drink salt teares, my guests repentant thoughts,
That who so knew me, and do see me now,

May shun by me the breach of wedlocks vow.

Enter Brakenbury with a praier-booke, and some reliefe in a cloath for mistris Shoare.

Bra. Oh God, how full of dangers grow these times,
And no assurance seen in any state?
No man can say, that he is master now
Of any thing is his, such is the tide
Of short disturbance running through the land.
I haue giuen ouer my office in the Tower,
Because I cannot brook their vile complots,
Nor smother such outragious villanies:
But mistris *Shoare* to be so basely wrong'd,
And vilely vs'd, that hath so well deseru'd,
It doth afflict me in the very soule.
She sau'd my kinsman, *Harry Stranguidge* life,
Therefore in duty I am bound to her,
To do what good I may though law forbid:
See where she sits, God comfort thee good soule,
First, take that to relieue thy body with,
And next, receiue this book wherein is food,
Manna of Heauen to refresh thy soule.
These holy meditations mistris *Shoare*,
Will yeeld much comfort in this misery,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer linne,
That God may be vnmindfull of thy sinne.

Ia. M. Lieutenant, in my heart I thank ye,
For this kind comfort to a wretched soule:
Welcome sweet praier-book, food of my life,
The soueraigne balme of my sick conscience,
Thou shalt be my soules pleasure and delight,
To wipe my sinnes out of *Iehouaes* sight.

Bra. Do so good mistris *Shoare*, now I must leaue ye,
Because some other businesse calls me hence,
And God I pray regard your penitence. *Exit.*

Ia. Farewell sir *Robert*, and for this good to me,
The God of heauen be mindfull still of thee.

As she sits weeping and praying, enters at one doore yongue M. Aire, and old Rafford at another.

Aire.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be far off:
For but euen now I met the officers,
That were attendant on her in her penance.
Yonder she sits, now then *Aire* shew thy selfe
Thankfull to her, that sometime sau'd thy life,
When law had made thee subiect to base death;
Giue her thy purse, for here comes some Lady:
Stand by awhile, for fear thou be discouered.

Ruf. What mistris *Shoare*, King *Edwards* concubine,
Set on a mole-hill? oh disparagement!
A throne were fitter for your Ladiship:
Fie, will you slubber these faire cheeks with teares,
Or sit so solitary? where's all your seruants?
Where is your gowne of silke, your perswigs,
Your fine rebatoes, and your costly iewels?
What, not so much as a shooe vpon your foot?
Nay, then I see the world goes hard with whores.

Aire. The villaine slaue gybes at her misery.

Ruf. Now, whether is it better to be in Court,
And there to beg a licence of the King
For transportation of commodities,
Than here to sit forsaken as thou dost?
I think vpon condition *Edward* liu'd,
And thou were still in fauour as before,
Thou wouldst not say that *Rufford* had deseru'd,
To haue his eares rent for a worser sute,
Than licence to ship ouer corne and lead.
What, not a word? faith wench, Ile tell thee what,
If thou dost think thy old trade out of date,
Go learne to play the bawde another while.

Aire. Inhumane wretch, why dost thou scorne her so,
And vexe her greiued soule with bitter taunts?

Ruf. Because I will, she is a curtisan,
And one abhorred of the world for lust.

Aire. If all thy faults were in thy forehead writ,
Perhaps thou wouldst thy selfe appear no lesse,
But much more horrible than she doth now.

Ruf. You are no iudge of mine sis.

Aire. Why nor thou of her.
Ruf. The world hath iudg'd, and found her guilty,
And 'tis the Kings command ſhe be held odious.
Aire. The King of heauen commandeth otherwiſe,
And if thou be not willing to relieue her,
Let it ſuffice, thou ſeeſt her miſerable,
And ſtudy not to amplifie her griefe.

Enter M. Blague very poorly a begging, with her basket and clap-diſh.

What other wofull ſpectacle comes here?
Miſtris take that, and ſpend it for my ſake.
When Rufford lookes away, Aire throwes his purſe to miſtris Shoare.
Bla. Oh I am pincht with more than common want,
Where ſhall I find reliefe? Good Gentleman,
Pitty a wretched woman like to ſtarue,
And I will pray for ye. One halfepenny
For Chriſts ſake, to comfort me withall.
Ruf. What miſtris *Blague*, is't you? no maruaile ſure
But you ſhould be relieu'd, a halfepenny quotha?
I marry ſir, and ſo be hang'd my ſelfe.
Not I, this Gentleman may if he pleaſe:
Get you to your companion miſtris *Shoare*,
And then there is a paire of queans well met.
Now I bethink me, Ile goe to the King,
And tell him, that ſome will relieue *Shoares* wife,
Except ſome officer there be appointed,
That carefully regards it be not ſo:
There, of my ſelfe will I make offer to him,
Which queſtionleſſe he cannot but accept,
So ſhall I ſtill purſue *Shoares* wife with hate,
That ſcorned me in her high whores eſtate. *Exit.*
Bla. Good Gentleman beſtow your charity,
One ſingle halfepenny to helpe my need.
Aire. Not one, were I the maſter of a mint.
What? ſuccour thee that did betray thy friend?
See where ſhe ſits, whom thou didſt ſcorne indeed,
And therefore rightly art thou ſcorn'd againe:
Thou thoughtſt to be enriched by her goods,

But thou haſt now loſt both thine owne and hers,
And for my part, knew I 'twould ſaue thy life,
Thou ſhouldſt not get ſo much as a crum of bread:
Pack counterfeit, pack away diſſembling drab.
Bla. Oh miſery, but ſhall I ſtay to look
Her in the face, whom I ſo much haue wrong'd?
Ia. Yes miſtris *Blague*, I freely pardon you,
You haue done me no wrong: come ſit by me,
'Twas ſo in wealth, why not in pouerty?
Bla. Oh willingly, if you can brook her preſence,
Whom you haue greater reaſon to deſpiſe.
Ia. Why woman, *Richard* that hath baniſht me,
And ſeeks my ruine (cauſeleſſe though it be)
Do I in heart pray for, and will do ſtill.
Come thou and ſhare with me, what God hath ſent,
A ſtranger gaue it me, and part thereof
I do as freely now beſtow on you.
Bla. I thank you miſtris *Shoare*, this curteſie
Renewes the griefe of my inconſtancy,

Enter M. Shoare with reliefe for his wife.

Sho. Yonder ſhe ſits, how like a withered tree,
That is in winter leaueleſſe and bereft
Of liuely ſap, ſits ſhe poor abiect ſoule?
How much vnlike the woman is ſhe now
She was but yeſterday? ſo ſhort and brittle
Is this worlds happineſſe: but who is that?
Falſe miſtris *Blague*? how canſt thou brook her *Iane*?
I, thou waſt alwaies milde and pittifull,
Oh hadſt thou been as chaſt, we had been bleſt.
But now no more of that, ſhe ſhall not ſtarue,
So long as this, and ſuch as this may ſerue:
Here miſtris *Shoare*, feed on theſe homely cates,
And there is wine to drink them downe withall.
Ia. Good ſir your name that pitties poor *Iane Shoare*,
That in my praiers I may remember you.
Sho. No matter for my name, I am a friend
That loues you well, ſo farewell miſtris *Shoare*,
When that is ſpent, I vow to bring you more.

Ia.

Ia. Gods blessing be your guide where ere you goe.
Thus mistris *Blague*, you see amidst our woe,
For all the world can doe, God sends reliefe,
And will not that we perish in our griefe:
Come, let vs step into some secret place.
Bla. 'Tis not amisse, if you be so content,
(For heer the field's too open and frequent)
Where vndisturb'd we may partake this grace. *Exeunt.*

Master Shoare enters againe.

Sho. What, is she gone so soone? alack poor *Iane*,
How I compassionate thy wofull case?
Whereas we liu'd together man and wife,
Oft on her humble stoole by the fire side
Sat she contented, whenas my high heate
Would chide her for it. But what would she say?
Husband, we both must lower sit one day,
When I dare swear she neuer dream'd of this:
But see good God, what prophesying is.

Enter Rufford and Fog, with the counterfeit letters Patents, Shoare stands aside.

Ruf. This is King *Richards* hand, I know it well,
And this of thine is iustly counterfeit,
As he himselfe would swear it were his owne.
Sho. The Kings hand counterfeit? list more of that.
Ruf. Why euery letter, euery little dash
In all respects alike, now may I vse
My transportation of my corne and hides,
Without the danger of forbidding law:
And so I would haue done in *Edwards* daies,
But that good mistris *Shoare* did please to crosse me,
But mark how now I will requite her for it,
I mou'd my suite, and plainly told the King,
Some would relieue her, if no man had charge,
To see seuerely to the contrary,
Forthwith his Grace appointed me the man,
And gaue me officers to wait vpon me,
Which will so countenance thy cunning work,
As I shall no way be suspected in it: how saist thou *Fog?*

Fog. It will do well indeed:
But good sir haue a care in any case,
For else you know what harme may come thereon.
Ruf. A care saiest thou? why man, I will not trust
My house, my strongest locks, nor any place,
But mine owne bosome, there will I keep it still,
If I miscarry so doth it with me.
Sho. Are ye so cunning sir, I say no more,
Iane Shoare or I may quittance you for this. *Exit.*
Ruf. Well *Fog*, I haue contented thee,
Thou maist be gone, I must about my charge,
To see that none releeue *Shoares* wife with ought. *Exit Fog.*

Enter the officers with bills.

Come on good fellowes, you that must attend
King *Richards* seruice vnder my command.
Your charge is to be very vigilant
Ouer that strumpet, whom they call *Shoares* wife:
If any traitour giue her but a mite,
A draught of water or a crust of bread,
Or any other food what ere it be,
Lay hold on him, for it is present death
By good King *Richards* Proclamation.
This is her haunt, here stand I Sentinell,
Keep you vnseen, and aide me when I call.

Enter Iockie & Ieffrey with a bottle of ale, cheese, & halfepenny loaues to play at bowles, mistris Shoare enters and sits where she was wont.

Ioc. Now must I vnder colour of playing at bowles help till releiue my gude maistres, maistres *Shoare* Come *Ieffrey*, we will play fiue vp for this bottle of ale, and yonder gude pure woman shall keep the stakes, and this cheese shall be the maister.

They play still towards her, and Iockie often breakes bread and cheese and giues her, till Ieffrey being cald away, and then he giues her all, and is apprehended.

Ruf. Here is a villaine that will not releiue her,
But yet heel loose, he bowles that way to helpe her.
Apprehend him fellowes when I bid ye:
Although his mate be gone, he shall pay for it.
Take him, and let the Beadles whip him well.

Ioc.

Ioc. Hear ye ſir, ſhall they be whipt and hang'd that giue to the pure, then they ſhall be damn'd that take fro the pure.

They lead him away.

Enter yongue Aire againe, and Shoare ſtands aloofe off.

Aire. Oh yonder ſits the ſweet forſaken ſoule,
To whom for euer I ſtand deeply bound:
She ſau'd my life, then *Aire* helpe to ſaue hers.

Ruf. Whither goe you ſir?
You come to giue this ſtrumpet ſome reliefe.

Aire. She did more good than euer thou canſt do,
And if thou wilt notpittie her thy ſelfe,
Giue others leaue by duty bound thereto.
Here miſtris *Shoare*, take this, and would to God
It were ſo much as my poor heart could wiſh. *gines his purſe.*

Sho. Who is it that thuspitties my poor wife?
'Tis M. *Aire*, Gods bleſſing on him for it.

Ruf. Darſt thou do ſo *Aire*.

Aire. Rufford, I dare do more:
Here is my ring, it weighs an ounce of gold,
And take my cloake to keep ye from the cold.

Ruf. Thou art a traitor *Aire*.

Aire. Rufford, thou art a villaine ſo to call me.

Ruf. Lay hold on him, attach him officers.

Aire. Rufford, I'le anſwer thinearreſt with this.

He drawes his rapier, but he is apprehended.

Ruf. All this contending ſir will not auaile;
This treaſon will be rated at thy life.

Aire. Life is too little for her ſake that ſau'd it.

Sho. Is he a traitor ſir for doing good?
God ſaue the King, a true heart meanes no ill.
I truſt he hath reclaim'd his ſharp edict,
And will not that his pooreſt ſubiect periſh,
And ſo perſwaded, I my ſelfe will do
That which both loue and nature binds me to.
I cannot giue her as ſhe well deſerues,
For ſhe hath loſt a greater benefite.
Poor woman take that purſe. *Ruf.* Ile tak't away.

Sho. You ſhall not ſir: for I will anſwer it

Before the King, if you enforce it ſo.

Ruf. It muſt be ſo, you ſhall vnto the King.

Sho. You will be he will firſt repent the thing:
Come M. *Aire*, Ile bear you company,
Which wiſe men ſay doth eaſe calamity. *Exeunt.*

Ia. If griefe to ſpeech free paſſage could afford,
Or for each woe I had a fitting word,
I might complaine; or if my flouds of teares
Could moue remorſe of minds, or pierce duſt eares,
Or waſh away my cares, or cleanſe my crime,
With words and teares I would bewaile the time:
But it is bootleſſe, why liue I to ſee,
All theſe deſpiſed that do pitty me?
Deſpis'd? alas, deſtroi'd and lead to death,
That gaue me almes, here to prolong my breath.
Faire Dames behold, let my example proue,
There is no loue like to a husbands loue. *Exit.*

Enter King Richard, Louell, Catesbie, Rufford, Shoare and Aire pinioned, and led betwixt two officers.

Glo. Now tell vs *Rufford*, which of theſe it is,
That in the heat of his vpheaued ſpleen,
Contemnes our Crowne, diſdaines our dignity,
And armes himſelfe againſt authority.

Ruf. Both haue offended, my dread Soueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capitall.
Theſe lines declare what, when, and where it was.

Glo. Which is that *Aire*?

Ruf. This yongue man my Liege.

Glo. I thought it was ſome hot diſtempered blood,
That fierd his giddy braine with buſineſſe:
Is thy name *Aire*? *Aire.* It is.

Glo. This paper ſaies ſo.

Aire. Periſh may he that made that paper ſpeak.

Glo. Ha? doſt thou wiſh confuſion vnto vs?
This paper is the Organe of our power,
And ſhall pronounce thy condemnation:
We make it ſpeak thy treaſon to thy face,
And thy malitious tongue ſpeakes treaſon ſtill.

Relieu'd

Relieu'dſt thou *Shoares* wife in contempt of vs?

Aire. No, but her iuſt deſert:
She ſau'd my life which I had forfeited,
Whereby my goods and life ſhe merited.

Glo. And thou ſhalt pay it in the ſelfe ſame place,
Where thou this man our officer, didſt outface,
And ſcorndſt vs, ſaying, if we ſtood by,
Thou wouldſt relieue her.

Aire. I do it not deny.
For want of food her breath was neer expir'd,
I gaue her meanes to buy it vndeſir'd,
And rather chuſe to dye for charity,
Than liue condemned of ingratitude.

Glo. Your good deuotion brings you to the gallowes.
He hath his ſentence, *Rufford* ſee him hang'd.

They lead out Aire.

Now ſir your name. *Sho.* Is it not written there?

Glo. Here's *Matthew Flud.* *Ruf.* That is his name my Lord.

Glo. Is thy name *Flud*? *Sho.* So M. *Rufford* ſaies.

Glo. *Flud* and *Aire*, the Elements conſpire,
In aire and water to confound our power:
Didſt thou relieue that hatefull wretch *Shoares* wife?

Sho. I did relieue that wofull wretch *Shoares* wife.

Glo. thou ſeemſt a man well ſtaid and temperate,
Durſt thou infringe our Proclamation?

Sho. I did not break it.

Ruf. Yes, and added more,
That you would anſwer it before the King.

Sho. And added more, you would repent the thing.

Ruf. Who I? his Highneſſe knowes my innocence,
And ready ſeruice with my goods and life:
Anſwer thy treaſon to his Maieſty.

Glo. What canſt thou ſay *Flud*, why thou ſhouldſt not dye?

Sho. Nothing: for I am mortall, and muſt dye
When my time comes, but that I thinks not yet,
Although (God knowes) each houre I wiſh it were,
So full of dolor is my weary life.
Now ſay I this, that I do know the man,

Which

Which doth abette that traiterous libeller.
Who did compoſe and ſpread that ſlanderous rime,
Which ſcandals you, and doth abuſe the time.
Glo. What libeller? another *Collingborne*?
That wrot, *The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our dog,*
Doe rule all England vnder a hog. Canſt thou repeat it *Flud*?
Sho. I think I can, if you command me ſo.
Glo. We do command thee. *Sho.* In this ſort it goes.
The crooke backt Boare the way hath found,
To root our roſes from our ground.
Both flower and bud will be confound,
Till King of beaſts the ſwine be crown'd:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.
Finis quoth M. *Fog*, chiefe ſecretary & counſellor to M. *Rufford.*
Glo. How ſaiſt thou *Flud*, doth *Rufford* foſter this?
Sho. He is a traitor if he do my Lord.
Ruf. I foſter it? dread Lord I aske no grace,
If I be guilty of this libelling.
Vouchſafe me iuſtice as you are my Prince,
Againſt this traitor that accuſeth me.
Sho. What iuſtice crau'ſt thou? I will combat thee,
In ſigne whereof I do vnbutton me,
And in my ſhirt my challenge will maintaine,
Thou call'ſt me traitor, I will proue thee one,
Open thy boſome like me if thou darſt.
Ruf. I will not be ſo rude before his Grace.
Sho. Thou wilt not open the pack of thy diſgrace,
Becauſe thy doublets ſtuft with traiterous libells.
Glo. Catesbie, tear off the buttons from his breſt.
What find'ſt thou there?
Cat. Your Highneſſe hand and ſeale,
For tranſportation of hides, corne, and lead.
Glo. Traitor, did I ſigne that commiſſion?
Ruf. O pardon me moſt roiall King.
Glo. Pardon? to counterfeit my hand and ſeale?
Haue I beſtowed ſuch loue, ſuch countenance,
Such truſt on thee and ſuch authority.

To haue my hand and signet counterfeit?
To carry corne the food of all the land,
And lead, which after might annoy the land,
And hides, whose leather must relieue the land,
To strangers, enemies vnto the land:
Didst thou so neerly counterfeit my hand?

Ruf. Not I my Liege, but *Fog* the Atturney.

Glo. Away with him, *Lowell* and *Catesbie*, go,
Command the Sheriffes of *London* presently,
To see him drawne, and hang'd, and quartered,
Let them not drink before they see him dead.
Haste you againe. *Lowell and Catesbie lead out Rufford.*

Ruf. Well *Flud*, thou art my death,
I might haue liu'd t'haue seen thee lose thy head.

Sho. Thou hast but iustice for thy cruelty,
Against the guiltlesse soules in misery:
I aske no fauour if I merit death.

Glo. Crau'st thou no fauour? then I tell thee *Flud*,
Thou art a traitor, breaking our edict,
By succouring that traitrous quean *Shoares* wife,
And thou shalt dye. *Sho.* If I haue broke the law.

Glo. If, traitor? didst thou not giue her thy purse?
And dost thou not maintaine the deed?

Enter Lowell and Catesbie againe.

Sho. I do, if it be death to the relenting heart
Of a kind husband, wronged by a King,
To pitty his poor weak seduced wife,
Whom all the world must suffer by command,
To pine and perish for the want of food:
If it be treason for her husband then,
In the dear bowels of his former loue,
To bury his owne wrong and her misdeed,
And giue her meat whom he was wont to feed;
Then *Shoare* must dye: for *Flud* is not my name,
Though once I took it to conceale my shame.
Pitty permits not iniured *Shoare* passe by,
And see his once lou'd wife with famine dye.

Glo. Lowell and *Catesbie*, this is *Shoare* indeed.
Shoare, we confesse that thou hast priuiledge,

And art excepted in our Proclamation,
Because thou art her husband, whom it concernes;
And thou maist lawfully relieue thy wife,
Vpon condition, thou forgiue her fault,
Take her againe, and vse her as before.
Hazzard new hornes, how saist thou? wilt thou *Shoare*?

Sho. If any but your Grace should so vpbraid,
Such rude reproach should roughly be repai'd.
Suppose for treason that she lay condemn'd,
Might I not feed her till her houre of death,
And yet my selfe no traitor for it? *Glo.* Thou mightest.

Sho. And why not now (O pardon me dread Lord)
When she hath had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a King did cause her blame,
May I not giue her food to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife?

Glo. Except thou take her home againe to thee,
Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be:
For if thou doe, expect what doth belong.

Sho. I neuer can forget so great a wrong,

Glo. Then neuer feed her whom thou canst not loue.

Sho. My charity doth that compassion moue.

Glo. Moue vs no more: *Lovell*, let *Aire* be hang'd,
Iust in the place where he relieu'd *Shoares* wife.
Shoare hath his pardon for this first offence,
The name of husband pleads his innocence,
Away with them: *Catesbie* come you with vs. *Exeunt.*

Iockie is led to whipping ouer the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance. Then is yonge Aire brought forth to execution, with the Sherriffe and Officers, mistris Shoare weeping, and master Shoare standing by.

Aire. Good mistris *Shoare*, grieue mee not with your teares,
But let me goe in quiet to my end.

Ia. Alas poore soule,
Was neuer innocent thus put to death.

Aire. The more's my ioy, that I am innocent,
My death is the lesse grieuous, I am so.

Ia. Ah [illegible] the time hath been ere now,
When I haue kneel'd to *Edward* on my knees,
And beg'd [illegible] that now doth make me beg. I haue

I haue giuen him, when he hath bed'g of me,
Though he forbid to giue me when I beg,
I haue ere now relieued him and his,
Though he and his deny reliefe to me?
Had I been enuious then, as *Richard* now,
I had not ſtaru'd, nor *Edwards* ſons been murdred,
Nor *Richard* liu'd to put you now to death.

Aire. The more *Iane* is thy vertue and his ſin,

Sher. Come ſir, diſpatch.

Aire. Diſpatch, ſay you? diſpatch you may it call,
He cannot ſtay when death diſpatcheth all.

Ia. Lord, is my ſin ſo horrible and grieuous,
That I ſhould now become a murderer?
I haue ſau'd the life of many a man condemn'd,
But neuer was the death of man before:
That any man thus for my ſake ſhould dye,
Afflicts me more than all my miſery.

Aire. Iane be content,
I am as much indebted vnto thee
As vnto nature: I owed thee a life,
When it was forfeit vnto death by law,
Thou bedg'ſt it of the King and gau'ſt it me,
This houſe of fleſh, wherein this ſoule doth dwell
Is thine, and thou art Lanlady of it,
And this poor life a Tenant but at pleaſure,
It neuer came to pay thee rent till now,
But hath run in arerage all this while,
And now for very ſhame comes to diſcharge it,
When death diſtraines for what is but thy due.
I had not ought thee ſo much as I do,
But by thy only mercy to preſerue it,
Vntill I looſe it for my charity;
Thou giu'ſt me more than euer I can pay,
Then doe thy pleaſure executioner:
And now farewell, kind vertuous miſtris *Shoare*,
In Heauen weel meet againe, in earth no more. *He is executed.*

Ia. Farewell, farewell, thou for thy almes doſt dye,
And I muſt end here ſtaru'd in miſery:
In life my friend, in death Ile not forſake thee,

Thou goest to Heauen, I hope to ouertake thee.
Sho. O world, what art thou? man euen from his birth,
Finds nothing else but misery on earth:
Thou neuer (world) scornd'st me so much before,
But I (vaine world) do hate thee ten times more.
I am glad I see approching death so nigh,
World, thou hat'st me, I thee (vaine world) defie.
I pray ye yet good master officers,
Do but this kindnesse to two poor wretched soules,
As let vs haue the buriall of our friend,
It is but so much labour sau'd for you.
Sher. There take his body, bury it where you will,
So it be quickly done out of the way. *Exeunt Sheriffe & officers.*
Ia. What's he that begs the buriall of my friend,
And hath so oftentimes relieued me?
Ah gentle sir, to comfort my sad woe,
Let me that good kind man of mercy know.
Sho. Ah *Iane*, now there is none but thou and I,
Look on me well, knowest thou thy *Mat. Shoare?*
Ia. My husband? then break heart and liue no more.
She swouns, and he supports her in his armes.
Sho. Ah my dear *Iane*, comfort thy heauy soule,
Go not away so soone, a little stay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife may here together dye.
Ia. How can I look vpon my husbands face,
That sham'd my selfe, and wrought his deep disgrace?
Sho. Iane be content, our woes are now alike,
With one selfe rod thou seest God doth vs strike.
If for thy sin, Ile pray to Heaven for thee,
And if for mine, do thou as much for me.
Ia. Ah *Shoare*, is't possible thou canst forgiue me?
Sho. Yes *Iane*, I do.
Ia. I cannot hope thou wilt:
My fault's so great that I cannot expect it.
Sho. Faith I do, as freely from my soule,
As at Gods hands I hope to be forgiuen.
Ia. Then God reward thee, for we now must part,
I feel cold death doth seize vpon my heart.

Sho.

Sho. And he is come to me, lo, here he lies,
I feel him ready to close vp my eies:
Lend me thy hand to bury this our friend,
And then we both will hasten to our end.

Here they put the body of younge Aire into a coffin, and then he sits downe on the one side of it, and she on the other.

Sho. Sit thou there, here I my place will haue,
Giue me thy hand, thus we embrace our graue;
Ah *Iane*, he that the depth of woe will see,
Let him but now behold our misery:
But be content, this is the best of all,
Lower than now we are, we cannot fall.

Ia. Ah, I am faint, how happy *Aire* art thou,
Not feeling that which doth afflict vs now.

Sho. Oh happy graue, to vs this comfort giuing,
Here lies two liuing dead, here one dead liuing,
Here for his sake, lo, this we doe for thee,
Thou look'st for one, and art possest of three.

Ia. Oh dying marriage, oh sweet married death,
(Thou graue) which only shouldst part faithfull friends,
Bringst vs together, and dost ioine our hands!
Oh liuing death, euen in this dying life,
Yet ere I goe, once *Matthew* kisse thy wife.

He kisseth her and she dies.

Sho. Ah my sweet *Iane*, farewell, farewell poor soule,
Now tyrant *Richard*, do the worst thou canst.
She doth defie thee: oh vnconstant world,
Here lies a true anatomy of thee,
A King had all my ioy, that her inioi'd,
And by a King againe she was destroi'd:
All ages of my Kingly woes shall tell,
Once more (inconstant world) farewell, farewell, *he dies.*

Enter sir Robert Brakenbury, with two or three of his seruants.

Bra. Sirs, if the King, or else the Duke of *Buckingham*
Do send for me, I will attend them straight:
But what are these here openly lye dead?
Oh Cock, the one is mistris *Shoare*, and this is *Flud*
That was my man, the third is M. *Aire*,
Who suffered death for his relieuing her.

They shall not thus lye open in the way:
Lend me your hands, and heauy hearts withall,
At mine owne charge Ile giue them buriall.

They beare them thence.

Enter K. Richard crowned, Buckingham, Aundof Warwicke, Louell, Catesbie, Fog and attendants.

Ric. Most noble Lords, since it hath pleased you,
Beyond our expectation on your bounties,
T'empale my temples with the Diademe,
How far my quiet thoughts haue euer been,
From this so great Maiestike souraignty,
Heauen best can witnesse: now I am your King,
Long may I be so to deserue your loue,
But I will be a seruant to you all,
Pray God my broken sleepes may giue you rest.
But only that my blood doth challenge it,
Being your lawfull Prince by true succession,
I could haue wisht, with all my heart I could,
This maiesty had sitten on the brow
Of any other: so much do I affect a priuate life,
To spend my daies in contemplation.
But since that Heauen and you will haue it so,
I take the Crowne as meekly at your hands,
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,
As any new borne babe. Thus must thou *Richard*,
Seem as a Saint to men in outward shew, *aside.*
Being a very deuill in thy heart:
Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keep them close from ouerlookers eies.

Buc. My Soueraigne, by the generall consent
Of all the Lords and commons of the land,
I tender to your roiall Maiesty,
This princely Lady, the Lady *Anne* of Warwick,
Iudged the only worthiest of your loue,
To be your Highnesse Bride, fair Englands Queen.

Rich. My roiall princely Cousin *Buckingham*,
I see you striue to blesse me more and more,
Your bounty is so large and ample to me.
You ouerflow my spirits with your great loue,

I wil-

I willingly accept this vertuous Princeſſe,
And crowne her Angell beautie with my loue.
Lo. Then as the hand of your high Parliament,
I giue her here vnto your Maieſty.
Ric. Lord *Louell*, I as heartily receiue her,
Welcome fair Queen.
Cat. And from the Lords and commons of your land,
I giue the free and voluntary oath,
Of their allegeance to your Maieſty,
As to their Soueraigne and Liege. Lord and Lady,
Richard the third, and beautious *Anne* his Queen,
The true and lawfull King and Queen of *England.*
Ric. I do accept it *Catesbie*, and returne
Exchange of mutuall and party loue.
Now *Fog* too, that in your traiterous libells,
Beſides the counterfeiting of our hand and ſeale
For *Rufford*, though ſo great a fault deſeru'd
To ſuffer death, as he already hath,
Going about to ſlubber our renowne;
And wound vs with reproach and infamy,
Yet *Fog*, that thou thy ſelfe maiſt plainly ſee,
How far I am from ſeeking ſharp reuenge,
Fog, I forgiue thee, and withall we do
Repeale our heauy ſentence againſt *Shoares* wife,
Reſtoring all her goods: for we intend,
With all the world now to be perfect friends.
Cat. Why my good Lord, you know ſhe is dead already.
Ric. True *Catesbie*, elſe I had nere ſpoke ſuch words. *aſide.*
Alas, I ſee our kindneſſe comes too late,
For *Catesbie* tells me ſhe is dead already.
Cat. I my good Lord, ſo is her husband too.
Ric. Would they had liu'd to ſee our friendly change.
But *Catesbie*, ſay, where di'd *Shoare* and his wife?
Cat. Where *Aire* was hang'd for giuing her reliefe,
There both of them round circling his cold graue,
And arme in arme departed from this life:
The people, for the loue they beare to her
And her kind husband, pittying his wrongs,
For euer after meane to call the ditch,

Shoares

Shoares Ditch, and in the memory of them,
Their bodies in the Fryers mingrines,
Are in one graue interred all together.
But mistris *Blagne*, for her ingratitude
To mistris *Shoare*, lies dead vnburied,
And no one will afford her buriall.

Rich. But mistris *Blagne*, she shall haue buriall too,
What now? we must be friends, indeed we must.
And now my Lords, I giue you all to know,
In memory of our eternall loue,
I do ordaine an order of the Bath,
Twelue Knights in number of that roiall sort,
Which order with all Princely ceremonies,
Shall be obserued in all roiall pomp,
As *Edwards* our forefather, of the Garter.
Which feast, our selfe and our beloued Queen,
Will presently solemnize in our person.

Buc. Now am I bold to put your grace in mind
Of my long sute, and partly your owne promise,
The Earle of *Hereford*s land.

Ric. Cousin, weel better think of that hereafter.

Buc. My paines my Lord, hath not deseru'd delay.

Ric. Will you appoint our time, then shall you stay,
For this hot hastinesse in, you shall stay.
Moue vs no more you were best.

Buc. I *Richard*, is it come to this?
In my first suite of all dost thou deny me?
Breake thine owne word, and turne me off so lightly?
Richard, thou hadst as good haue damn'd thy soule,
As basely thus to deale with *Buckingham*:
Richard, Ile sit vpon thy crumped shoulder,
Ifaith I will, if heauen will giue me leaue,
And *Harry Richmond*, this hand alone,
Shall fetch thee home and seat thee in his Throne. *Exit.*

Ric. What, is he gone in heat? why farewell he;
He is displeas'd, let him be pleas'd againe,
We haue no time to think on angry men:
Come my sweet Queen, let vs goe solemnize
Our Knighthoods order to our roiall wife. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.